HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

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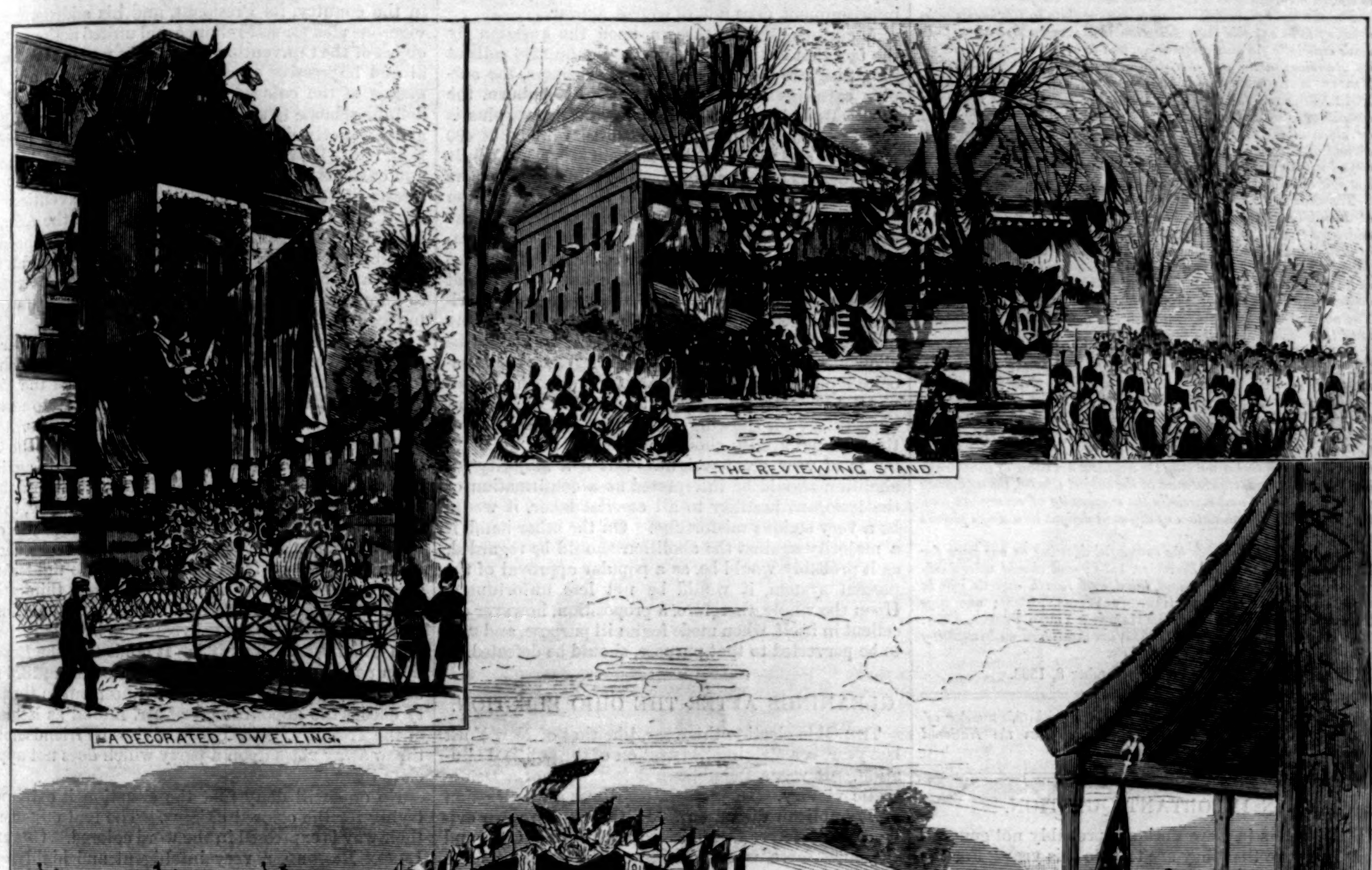
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.


A DECORATED DWELLING.
THE REVIEWING STAND.
THE GRAND STAND AT WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.
THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH WATER ST.
THE OLD UNIFORM.

THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 679.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

☞ *A Supplement is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *containing illustrations from the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden.*

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

THE voters in New York are probably not generally aware that they are to vote this year "For the proposition to abolish contract labor in the State-prisons" or "Against the proposition to abolish contract labor in the State-prisons." Such a vote, indeed, however it may result, will actually accomplish nothing whatever, but it will indicate a desire either that the present contract system of prison labor shall be renounced or continued. The proposition is not submitted in the interest of prison reform, nor as a well-considered measure of public policy. It is merely the result of a Democratic attempt to make a little party capital out of a very grave question. The history of the proposition is short and simple. A year ago the Democratic platform declared that convict—not contract—labor ought not to compete with that of law-abiding citizens. Having secured the Legislature, the party did not prevent that competition by a better method, but enacted merely that there should be no competition in hat manufacture, leaving the contract system itself untouched. The unexpired hat contract was transferred to clothes. The hatters were relieved at the cost of the tailors. Finally, to escape the pitiful contrast between their platform declaration and their legislative performance, the Democrats decided to submit to popular vote the proposition to which we have alluded.

The question is submitted in a most unfortunate manner. If the naked proposition of abolition of contract labor should be carried, the result would probably be accepted as a popular verdict against all remunerative convict labor, and as condemning the prisons to become nests of idleness and nurseries of corruption. The prison reformers might support the abolition in order to clear the way for the introduction of a better system of prison industry. But the vote for abolition would not be interpreted as the preference of a better system, but as the condemnation of all prison labor that can be brought into competition with other labor, and any productive industry in prisons must be brought into such competition. Yet there is no doubt that the present contract system should be abolished, not for the reason that it competes with other labor, but because it is destructive of the primary object of the penal system, which is well defined by Mr. BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory, as the prevention of crime by the reformation of offenders. The labor should be a part of the prison training, not directly for the profit of the State Treasury, but indirectly for that profit by tending to make the prisoners self-supporting and self-respecting citizens. For this reason, while the product of convict labor may be sold, the labor itself should not be farmed out. The present contract system, by the subversion of authority and discipline, and by the demoralization of convicts and officers, is constantly hostile to proper penal treatment. This is the almost unanimous opinion of those who are best informed upon the subject. Obviously the question can not be determined by the balance-sheet of the prisons, unless the object of the prisons be a surplus of actual earnings over actual disbursements. The report for the last year, which is just made public by the Superintendent, shows the surplus of earnings for the year in the three State-prisons to be $8996 08. But at what greater ultimate expense to the State, by baffling the real object of the imprisonment, does not, of course, appear.

A curious light is thrown upon the question by the fact that at this very time, while the 1296 cells at Sing Sing are forced to hold 1470 prisoners, the surplus earnings are about $54,000. At Auburn, the 1200 cells hold but 898 prisoners, and the surplus is $5400. And at Clinton the 1200 cells hold but 490 prisoners, and the deficiency is about $50,000. While thus there is ample accommodation for all prisoners in the State, nearly two-thirds of the cells at Clinton and one-third of those at Auburn are empty, while the prisoners are "doubled up" at Sing Sing. The reason is that the opportunities for contract labor are so much greater at Sing Sing. The consequence is that the proper penal treatment of the prisoners is sacrificed to money-making by their labor. There is no question that the present contract system should be abolished, but not for the reasons alleged by the Democratic platform, and not in a way to abolish all convict labor. Mr. BROCKWAY thinks that the present opportunity for showing a desire for the abolition of the contract system should not be lost, and his opinion is of very great weight. But if a majority for abolition should be interpreted as a confirmation of the ignorant hostility to all convict labor, it would be a very serious misfortune. On the other hand, if a majority against the abolition should be regarded, as it probably would be, as a popular approval of the present system, it would be not less unfortunate. Upon the whole, therefore, a proposition, however excellent in itself, when made for an ill purpose, and sure to be perverted to that purpose, should be defeated.

GLEANINGS AFTER THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE Ohio election this year, like that of New York last year, is a striking illustration of the political situation. It was a Republican defeat, but not a Democratic victory. In both States it was an expression of Republican discontent. In Ohio there were evidently two forces that decided the result. One, and the chief force, was temperance; the other was the tariff. Yet, although the Republican party is really friendly to a tariff and to stringent temperance legislation, it was defeated by tariff and temperance votes. The protectionists and the prohibitionists combined against it from the same feeling of dissatisfaction. The protectionists were angry because a Republican Congress reduced the duty on wool; the prohibitionists, because the Republican party preferred high license to prohibition.

The wool-grower voted directly or indirectly for the Democratic candidates, although he knew that they did not represent a tariff policy, and the prohibitionist voted against the Republicans, although he knew that his vote would gratify the liquor interest. The reasoning of both was the same. In the one case it was argued that Republican success would condone the reduced tax upon foreign wool, and in the other that it would strengthen license as against prohibition. The Republican party, therefore, in the opinion of these voters, must be taught that if it relaxes protection or evades prohibition it will be defeated. This is, of course, very significant. It is the position which was taken by the Liberty party in New York in 1844, and which defeated HENRY CLAY. That event showed that to an important part of the Whig party the restriction of slavery was a more vital question than any other, and in nine years from that election the Republican party was formed. The result in Ohio shows as plainly that to an important part of the Republican party high protection and prohibition are paramount issues, and that party success is endangered if the extreme position upon both issues is not taken.

We said last week that the result this year in Ohio does not show that the State will not vote for the Republican ticket next year. But the figures now disclose an immense prohibition vote—a vote which, while it shows no tendency toward Democracy, signifies plainly that prohibition is more important than Republicanism to an immense body of citizens. In Iowa this feeling is so strong that the Republican party proclaimed prohibition, and has carried the State by a large majority. In Maine, on the other hand, the prohibitionists have decided to abandon the Republican party as too sluggish upon the question. Thus the temperance issue has suddenly assumed a prominence which has not been anticipated, and may produce equally unanticipated results hereafter. The temperance voters, whether favoring license or prohibition, are generally Republicans. If the prohibitionists refuse to support the Republican candidates next year unless the Republicans declare for national prohibition, they may bring in a Democratic Administration, as the antislavery vote in 1844 defeated the party which, of the two parties, was the more antislavery, and brought in POLK and an extreme proslavery Administration.

THE LATE COLORED CONVENTION.

THE late National Convention of colored citizens at Louisville was a very interesting and pathetic assembly. It naturally made FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the most noted representative of the colored citizens in the country, its President, and his address was a vigorous plea for self-reliance and united action. The object of the Convention apparently was to give formal and impressive expression to the feelings and demands of the colored citizens. But it proposed no definite scheme to secure the fulfillment of its wishes, and distinctly disclaimed the desire of class legislation, while it protested strongly against certain laws and customs which it holds to be injurious to the interests of the colored people. The Convention refused to approve the Republican party or the Administration. Mr. DOUGLASS, who has always been a Republican, and, as has been sometimes thought, too blind a Republican partisan, exhorted the delegates to follow no party blindly, and "to compel the world to receive us as equals."

The New York *Globe*, which is the chief paper of the colored citizens, heartily commends the speech of Mr. DOUGLASS, and the address and acts of the Convention, but agrees that it is not yet ready to advise the formation of a colored party. It asserts, however, that so far as colored men are concerned, the law countenances violence by not protecting them against it at the polls, and it advises its friends to defend their rights when assailed by force, and, presumably, to defend them by force. That is, it would have the colored voters in the Southern States refuse to be cheated or to be driven from the polls, and to fight if necessary to secure their right of voting. It thinks that the Democratic party still follows toward the colored race the course "indicated years ago by that archvillain Chief Justice TANEY." It holds that the Republican party also is unfriendly, and that since 1876 the colored people have made no advancement in the party except the appointment of Mr. BRUCE as Register of the Treasury. The *Globe* advises its friends not to throw away votes upon a party which does not appreciate them.

No one will deny that the situation is extremely trying for the colored citizens. The real obstacle in their way is expressed in the word colored. CHARLES LENOX REMOND, a very intelligent and highly educated colored man, said forty years ago that he would willingly be flayed alive if he could emerge from the torture with a white skin. Mr. DOUGLASS exclaimed, with energy, "Down with prejudice!" That, indeed, is the enemy. There is no discrimination in law against colored citizens, but prejudice and the usages that spring from it are not controllable by law. Prejudice may affect the honest enforcement of the law, and make it practically a dead letter. There is an unjust criticism current upon the recent demand of colored men for "recognition." They are accused of a willingness to sell their principles for place. But this is not the true explanation of their demand. As their general exclusion is doubtless due to the prejudice against their color, their election and appointment to office would show that the prejudice was declining. There could be no test so conclusive, and this is the meaning of the remark of Mr. DOUGLASS that they will know the prejudice to be disappearing when a colored man is made Vice-President or called into the cabinet. If any other class of citizens in the country lay under the kind of ostracism that rests upon the colored people, they would naturally and justly urge that their demand for equal consideration in appointment to public office was a sign of proper self-respect and not of venal desire of place. The fact of the meeting of the Convention, and its dignified and serious protest and appeal, will be of undoubted service to the colored citizens. Those citizens need not regret the fate of the Civil Rights Bill. The wrongs under which they suffer are not to be remedied by law.

THE BUTLER GAME.

THE BUTLER campaign in Massachusetts is prosecuted characteristically by the diffusion of BUTLER'S Tewksbury speech, which the chief Democratic journal in New England describes as "nasty," and by insisting that Republicans killed the State paupers and tanned their skins. This is an illustration of the Butlerism which, to the disgust of many honorable Democrats, now masquerades as Democracy in Massachusetts. This is the kind of argument which Butlerism offers to an intelligent and self-respecting people. The management of charitable institutions in Massachusetts is especially careful and humane. But because some medical students have played tricks with the body of a dead pauper the Governor of the Commonwealth actually tries to persuade the country and the world that his native State starves its poor and helpless citizens to death, and makes merchandise of their skins.

At the late meeting of the Charity Conference in Louisville an attempt was made to play BUTLER's little game of "reform," and to conciliate Southern feeling toward him as a Presidential candidate, by making it appear that his feats as a reformer were such that even his opponents were forced to admit them, and Mr. F. B. SANBORN, long the Secretary of the Board of Charities in Massachusetts, was cited as having called attention to abuses which were neglected until Governor BUTLER took them in hand. Mr. SANBORN is probably more familiar with the condition and requirements of the State charitable institutions than any man in the State. He is a thorough non-partisan, and supported Mr. TILDEN for the Presidency in 1876. But he has been the relentless exposer and critic of BUTLER's efforts to humbug Massachusetts as a reformer, and to disgrace it by allegations of its corruption and inhumanity.

To bring Mr. SANBORN as a witness for BUTLER was, of course, a capital stroke, if it could be accomplished. But fortunately he was present at the Conference, and he is always quite able to speak for himself, and is the last man to be bullied, in the State or out of it, by BUTLER or his satellites. Mr. SANBORN stated to the Conference and to the people of Kentucky that in 1876 he did bring charges against the management of Tewksbury Almshouse. They were promptly investigated, and were either proved or admitted, and the evils that he pointed out were long since corrected. But, he added, the BUTLER charges are not true, were never proved, and are not believed by any candid person acquainted with the facts. That there should be no misunderstanding, Mr. SANBORN ended a very striking and impressive speech by saying, with the deepest consciousness of his responsibility, that "the accusations of Governor BUTLER against the mother that fostered him, the State that has honored him, and the charitable institutions that should have been under his protection, are, for substance of malignant theory and for allegation of malicious fact, infamously false." We suspect that Massachusetts, which is thoroughly aroused and indignant, will say the same thing in November, and show that wanton defamation of his fellow-citizens, however smartly put, is not the way to win votes for a demagogue. There is no question, also, that many Democrats who are unwilling to see their party merged in Butlerism, and who see that if BUTLER should be successful in a wholly personal campaign he would be a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination, would not be sorry to see him defeated.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

As Lord COLERIDGE goes, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD comes. A shrewd and accomplished scholar once said of an English ambassador, "He does not represent the England that I know." This, certainly, could not be said of either the Lord Chief Justice or the man of letters who just now arrives. They are both representatives of that liberal and generous England which intelligent Americans gladly own as the mother country. They both acknowledge that the ocean separates, but does not sever, the English-speaking race, and that the same ancient traditions survive under different conditions, and mould civilization upon both sides of the sea.

Mr. ARNOLD will lecture during his visit in this country, and those who have long enjoyed, in reading, his incisive apprehension, his wide scholarship, and his crisp, clear, and graceful style, will have a new pleasure in listening to a master of English speech. He holds positive opinions, which he is fully able to maintain and defend, and he has the detective eye which is always welcome to Americans, who carry the same weapon in other lands.

It is evident that at last the curiosity and interest of intelligent England are fully aroused to see a country the controlling force of whose national life is drawn from the same sources as its own. England in the travelling season swarms with Americans, and the current of English vacation travel begins to set westward. The result will be agreeable and advantageous upon both sides, and we shall presently see distinguished Americans in London commending and criticising Englishmen with the same courtesy and insight with which Lord COLERIDGE spoke in New York.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE *Autobiography of Anthony Trollope*, which is just issued in the "Franklin Square Library," is sure to be widely read, and it will deepen the public regard for the hearty, honest, industrious, and untiring story-teller who so long held an unchanging popularity, and in whose works so much of the characteristic aspect of English life during the last generation is more faithfully recorded than anywhere else. The autobiography is as frank and downright as any work that TROLLOPE ever wrote. It is confined strictly to himself and his own labors. There is no attempt whatever to "pose," or to do anything but to confide to the reader the writer's sincere view of his own life, which was that of a professional man of letters and an officer of the postal service.

The poverty and trouble of his early life were followed by the comparative comfort of later years, which was due to his literary industry. He recounts the circumstances under which each novel was written, and his wanderings in the public service. He states his methods of working, and defends them. He criticises himself, and holds his own opinion of his work against that of the world. He gives a chapter to the subject of novel-writing, another to his chief contemporaries in English fiction, and another to criticism. There is no attempt at effect in the book, but it is a very interesting and intimate glimpse of the life of a man who held that literature was a profession, like the law, or a trade, like that of the baker.

Mr. TROLLOPE evidently wrote the work at different times, and occasionally revised it and added a few notes. Some inaccuracies of statement, resulting, doubtless, from misinformation, are not surprising. Thus, in arguing the international copyright question, he says that he is not aware that he ever received a shilling for American reprints of his works, but that he sold all foreign rights to his publishers, who received very trifling sums from America. Of course, therefore, Mr. TROLLOPE had no direct personal knowledge of the facts. If, however, he received nothing, it was not because nothing was paid. Inquiry upon the subject would have apprised him that the amount of such payment was large, and that as much as £750 was paid for a single one of his works, although there could be no other protection than priority of publication. We can not here follow Mr. TROLLOPE into the general question, but we can warmly commend his autobiography as a thoroughly characteristic and entertaining work.

THE CORRESPONDENCE UNIVERSITY.

A NEW and interesting scheme of higher education has been recently organized which is well worthy general attention. For some years there has been a very successful association in Boston for the direction of private reading. Persons in every part of the country who wish to follow at home a general or a special course of reading are advised by letter as to the books to take up and the methods to pursue. It is obvious that this plan is susceptible of wider application, which has been experimentally tested. A college professor has conducted by correspondence the mathematical studies of advanced pupils, and with such satisfactory results that thirty-two professors in various colleges, from Harvard University in the East to the Johns Hopkins University at the South and the University of Wisconsin at the West, have united to form what is called for convenience the Correspondence University for the purpose of instruction by correspondence. The word university applies to the range of studies, which embraces a great number of branches, rather than to the organization, which is not chartered, and which has no authority to confer degrees.

This scheme of education, or university, is designed to supplement that of other institutions of education, and not to rival or oppose them. It is specifically intended to assist the following classes of persons: those who are engaged in professional studies which can be taught by correspondence; graduates of colleges engaged in advanced studies; tutors and younger teachers in schools, academies, and colleges; officers and men in the army and navy; young men and women employed in shops and upon farms who can not leave their daily work to attend school or college; persons who propose to try the civil service examinations; and persons of any age and occupation who wish to pursue any particular study at home.

This is the general plan and purpose of the Correspondence University, which is not a scheme in the air, but which, as we said, has been successfully tried. The details of method have been carefully elaborated. The probable limitations of the enterprise have been deliberately considered, and there is no good reason to suppose that a scheme which has been found so beneficial when applied to reading will not be equally serviceable in severer study. Everywhere in the country there are persons, eager for knowledge and with especial aptitudes, who would gladly study if the opportunity were offered to them, but who can not go to seek the opportunity. Such persons will find it in the Correspondence University, which will require reviews and examinations also, and will hold pass and honor examinations conducted by some eminent specialist who has taken no part in the instruction. The names of the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise are the guarantee of its competency and good faith, and all inquiries about details will be answered by Professor LUCIEN A. WAIT, Secretary, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the suburbs of this city has been electrified by the following announcement: "A humorous musical entertainment for the benefit of the Presbyterian Sunday-school will be given at the Town-hall, Springfield, New Jersey, on Friday evening, October 19, 1883, by the PEAKE sisters (spinsters), formerly of Pike's Peak, late of Peaketown, State of Alasky, assisted by the renowned Peake Orchestra, who will render on this occasion some choice selections from the well-known and old-fashioned operas of *Suwanee River*, etc. They will appear in their travelling costumes, with the usual appendages of bandboxes, umbrellas, etc. After the opera the sisters will be glad to supply any of the audience with ice-cream at fifteen cents per saucer."

—Ex-Governor TILDEN's forty thousand-dollar dining room, in carved satin-wood and blue tiles, is at length entirely completed by the arrival of a massive brass chandelier, designed by Mr. CALVERT VAUX in harmony with the general spirit of the decorations. The Governor is expected to entertain his friends in this magnificent banqueting chamber early next winter.

—The vast wealth represented in the exteriors and interiors of some Newport cottages and villas makes a deep impression upon most visitors to that charming watering-place. It is no unusual thing for a Newport cottager to be much better housed than when in his city home. His guests feel that he has gone thither to stay, and the yearly increasing length of the season there does not surprise them. Miss CATHERINE WOLFE's new stone villa perhaps leads all the rest, but its sumptuous decorations are yet to receive their finishing touches by the introduction of brass chandeliers and sconces from England.

—A theatrical manager of this city, who sometimes reminds his friends of the delightful Mrs. Malaprop, remarked, the other morning, on leaving a Fall River steamboat after a stormy night, "Thank Heaven, I am on *terra fixity* again!"

—Specimens of a peculiar wood, called "alligator-wood," recently on sale in Broadway, attracted some attention; but a New Jersey lady who bought one of them as a curiosity was surprised, on showing it triumphantly to her husband, to hear him inform her that it was only a piece of the gum-tree, an arboreal variety which abounds on the Orange Mountains, and the deep red leaves of which in these autumn days are truly gorgeous.

—The story of the committee of New York artists who once visited Mr. GREELEY to remonstrate with him against the asperity of the art criticisms then appearing in the *Tribune* is well known; but many persons have forgotten that the eminent painters Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN and Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD constituted that committee, and that Mr. GREELEY requested Mr. BEARD to send to the *Tribune* "a spicy answer" to the objectionable articles, assuring him that it would certainly be published if it was "spicy enough."

—"Our Children's Bodies" is a subject of considerable interest to that large class of readers who have been, are, or expect to become parents; and we are not surprised to learn that Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE's competent and candid discussion of it in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November has brought him not only hundreds of letters of inquiry, but hundreds of invitations to lecture. The authors of those letters and invitations, as well as fathers, mothers, teachers, and guardians in general, will not be displeased to learn that the same clever writer and conservative gymnast has written a bright little treatise on our children's bodies, called *Sound Bodies for our Girls and Boys*, which the Messrs. HARPER have now in press, and which will answer scores of questions that intermittently concern the parental heart.

—From the *Ladies' Pictorial*, of London: "WILLIAM BLACK's new novel, *Judith Shakespeare: her Loves and Adventures*, will begin in HARPER for February. It is to be illustrated by Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY, and the scenes are laid in and about Stratford-on-Avon. If it is as good as *Yolande*, it will do; and how strange it is that the professional critics find so little to admire in that simple and beautiful story! A sweeter woman than Yolande Winterbourne has never been drawn by a novelist; but then she is neither pert, nor hoidenish, nor given to strange ways with men, so perhaps she is a little tame."

—A St. Louis journal announces a forth-coming series of portraits of beautiful women, which will begin with the picture of "a celebrated lady of Virginia, now deceased, whose marvellously beautiful face is never to be forgotten by those who had the fortune to see it." We learn that the lady referred to is the late Mrs. OLIVER J. SCHOOLCRAFT, *née* MATTIE OULD, who several years ago was one of the belles of Richmond, and whose untimely death caused profound sorrow throughout that city. On each anniversary of that sad event her grave near Richmond is covered with fresh flowers by her unforgetting friends.

—An epitaph on a worthy Bostonian of the last generation recites that "he was a good and honored citizen, who abhorred alike all priestcraft and enthusiasm." Was he a premature dude? In a Maryland church-yard stands a monument to a faithful wife and her husband, and under the inscription to the wife one reads:

"Like a bud nipp'd off the tree,
Death has parted you and me."

—The precise relation of the word "pschut" to the word "chic" has been variously explained. An esteemed correspondent of this journal writes: "'Pschut,' which has a hissing sound, denotes that indefinable attribute of things which is the superlative of 'chic.' For instance, a book, a coat, an actress, a pair of boots, may be 'chic,' but they have not reached their apotheosis until they are 'pschut.'"

—Said an expert penman to another of the same guild who was examining two pieces of writing: "What has that 'that' that that that' that that 'that' that you made resembles to do with this 'that'?" The other replied that he desired to answer by counsel.

—Dr. THOMAS CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, of the Leeds General Infirmary, holds that as a rule private schools for girls are utter failures, suppressing the animal spirits, giving no true education, and developing neither mind nor body.

—For many years the authority of the Sultan has been defied by the Arabs of the Syrian and Arabian deserts. This disaffection to the Sublime Porte is the only bond of union between those tribes; and among one of them the ordinary price for the purchase of a wife is whatever shall be captured from the Sultan's next caravan to Mecca.

—Dress, says a contemporaneous philosopher, is but the outward and visible sign of character, and when all ladies become wise they will dress according to common-sense; that is, each will adopt the style of costume and the colors best suited to her face, figure, and position in life.

—Gentlemen who have ruthlessly promised to take a lady friend to HENRY IRVING's first night are just now anxiously but stealthily considering how much the tickets for seats are going to cost them.

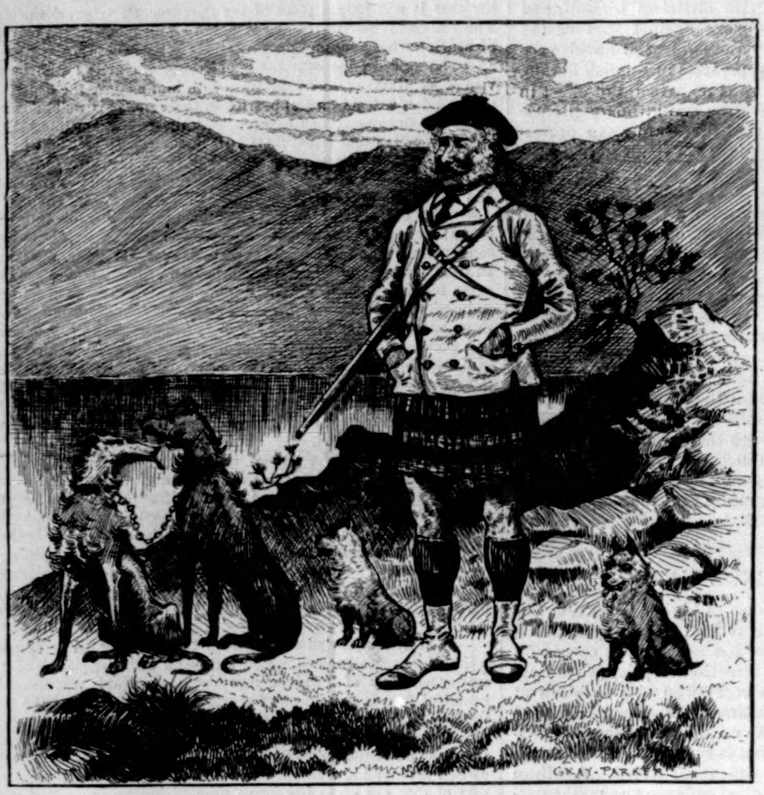
—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, M. P., publicly expresses his belief and hope that "there will be developed a spirit among Irishmen, and Englishmen too, of various shades of politics and religious conviction, who will stand up for the great cause of Christianity against atheism."

—An English journal describes the latest attitude of the Irish landlords toward the British government as like the application once received by MACAULAY from a lady who urged that as he had made so much money by abusing better people than himself, he ought to give a portion of it to her.

—A bundle of the ballads of the moment (observes a recent writer) would be not uninstructive to the politician, while the mere man of letters would find in it almost the latest survivals of popular songs that have a sensible effect on the popular judgment and the popular heart. All over Europe a cheap press is killing the occupation of the ballad-singer. The people begin to take their ideas sadly, and in prose. There are ballads and ballad-singers, but the theme is rarely anything better than a bloody murder or a recent scandal, and the verse and diction are even poorer, if possible, than the paper on which the screeds are printed. They who "love a ballad of all things" must go to Roumania, or Bulgaria, or Russia, to find the popular song in its ancient perfection.

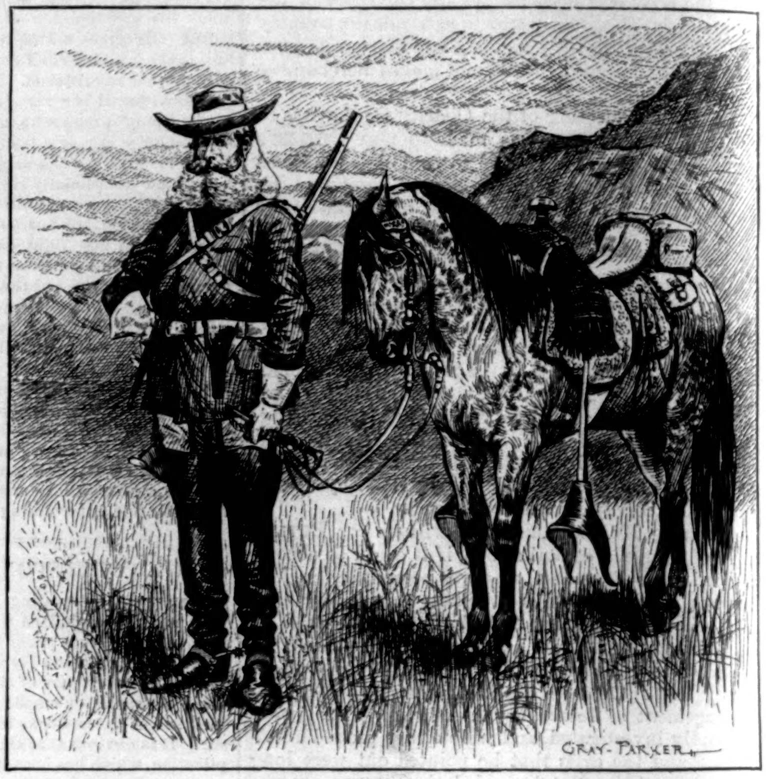
—Remarks by a cold-blooded voyager who occupied a state-room with somebody else: "I don't mind avowing that I've not the slightest pity for a seasick passenger. Why couldn't the fiend have gone overland? And he was one of the most ravenous at dinner and tea time yesterday. Had our port-hole only been large enough, I should cordially have pushed this malefactor through to make his own terms with the fishes. As it was, I could only scowl at him, 'I hope, sir, you are not going to be sick again here.' 'No,' he replied, with a ghastly smile, and scrambled headlong into his berth."

—The occupants of the Women's Prison in Westminster, London, rise at five minutes after six, put away their bedding, and clean their cells. At half past six they begin work, and at a quarter to eight eat breakfast, which consists of bread, gruel, cocoa, or porridge, or a combination of two of these articles. From 8.45 to 11 o'clock they work again, and at 11.25 file into the chapels for prayers, there being two chapels—the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—the Protestant the larger one, with a pretty communion table, a good harmonium, and congregational singing. It is considered a great punishment to be debarred from chapel. At 12 o'clock dinner is served, consisting of some combination of bread, suet pudding, potatoes, beef, or soup. From 1.30 to 5.45 work again; at the last-named hour supper, which is the same as breakfast; from 6.15 to 8, work; and at 8.30, bed, with all lights out. This prison was built in 1618, and is about to be torn down. The inmates will be removed to Millbank.



HULLOA! WHOM HAVE WE HERE?—RONALD LINDSAY, MACLEOD OF DARE, OR THE LAIRD OF DENNYMAINS?

Why, no, not a bit of it. This is simply our friend George Washington Brooks, of Boston, who, doubting the capabilities of the States for large game, has hired an extensive deer forest in Scotland from Lord Reginald Snigsworth at a fabulous figure.



AND PRAY, WHO MAY THIS BE?—BUFFALO BILL, OR SOME BOLD FRONTIER LEADER?

Why, no, not a bit of it. This is simply Lord Reginald Snigsworth, who has come over to the States to shoot large game.

THE GERMANIA MONUMENT.

On the banks of the beautiful Rhine, directly opposite the little village of Bingen, where the "soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying in Algiers" came from, the German people have erected a magnificent monument, one hundred and ten feet high, in commemoration of the establishment of their unity and their Empire. The spot has the singular felicity of overlooking the place where Kaiser William, on his return from the victories of 1870–71, first saluted the famous river in his capacity of Emperor of Germany, and commands, besides, a landscape not only the most picturesque of Northern Europe, but the dearest to the Teuton heart. In all respects, indeed, it becomes the presence of the great memorial, which, in the language of the Emperor himself, has been erected "in memory of the dead, in praise of the living, and for the emulation of coming generations," and which with most imposing ceremonies —the manœuvres of long lines of fighting troops, the salutes of cannon that had made themselves heard on fields of victorious battle, the ringing of bells, the singing of the Prussian national anthem, the playing of military bands, and the delivery of patriotic addresses—was inaugurated on the 28th of September in the presence of the German sovereign, German princes, German warriors, German poets, and a vast concourse of the German people. To add that the innumerable popular fêtes held in the evening were worthy of the occasion is sufficient to describe them.

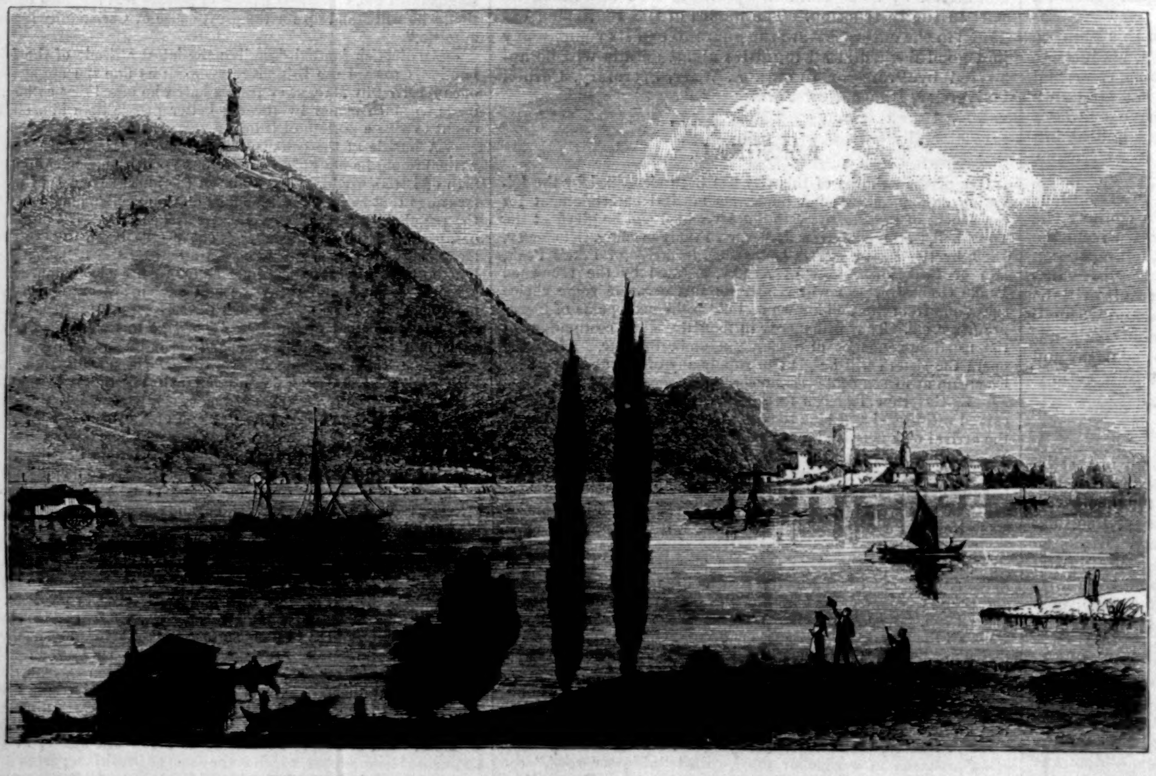
The monument itself, unveiled by the sculptor Herr Von Schilling, while the people sang the "Wacht am Rhein," consists of the imperial bronze figure of Germania, thirty-three feet high, and more than classically beautiful, standing on a pedestal which rests upon an immense quadrangular stone base, which in turn rests upon an extensive substructure. With her left hand Germania grasps her tried sword, and with her right holds aloft her proudly won crown of empire. Her noble and impassioned face, modelled after that of the sculptor's own child, suggests eternal youth; and the gems and eagles embroidered on her robe of state represent the splendor and the glory of her sway. It took three years to cast this majestic figure, and when the task was at length completed, the railway bridges were found to be too small to admit of its passage over them, and the services of a Rhine steamboat were called into requisition. The little finger of Germania's hand needs a man's two hands to span it; the joint of her hand will hold a man, and in the interior of her body twenty persons can execute a waltz.

On one front of the base of the monument is a grand relief of one hundred and thirty-three life-size figures—the Emperor William in the midst of his chief generals, statesmen, and allied rulers; on another front is depicted "The Departure for the War"; on still another, "The Return from the War." Around the foot of the pedestal, and above the insignia of the several German monarchies, appears the simple and eloquent inscription: "In memory of the unanimous and victorious rising of the German nation, and the restoration of the German Empire, 1870–1871."

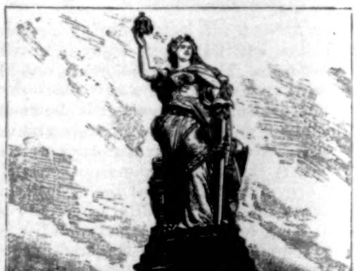
BISHOP KNICKERBACKER'S CONSECRATION.

The consecration of the Rev. David Buell Knickerbacker, D.D., lately rector of Gethsemane Protestant Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, as Bishop of Indiana, took place on the 14th of October at St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., Bishop of Western New York, acting as consecrator. The procession of surpliced choir and robed clergy and bishops approached the chancel singing the hymn, "O day of rest and gladness"; and after the ante-communion service had been read by Dr. Coxe, a sermon was preached by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, from the text: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The words addressed by the venerable speaker to the new Bishop were impressive in the extreme. "My brother beloved," he said, "my heart is overfull, as I bid you godspeed to-day. For almost a quarter of a century you have been my own son in the Gospel. All these years I have watched you with a father's care. Your whole ministry has been given to the flock of which you were the first and only pastor. Always foremost in missionary labors; always glad to minister to the sinful, the sorrowful, the sick, and the dying, few men have been permitted to so endear themselves to the flock committed to their care. . . . . In this most solemn hour of your life forget these bishops, forget this gathered congregation; think only of our blessed Lord, and think of yourself as receiving from His pierced hands this apostleship, that so, by the consecration of your whole self—body, soul, and spirit—through the power of the Holy Ghost which you receive this day for this apostleship, you may so fulfill your office that you may receive from Him the crown of life."

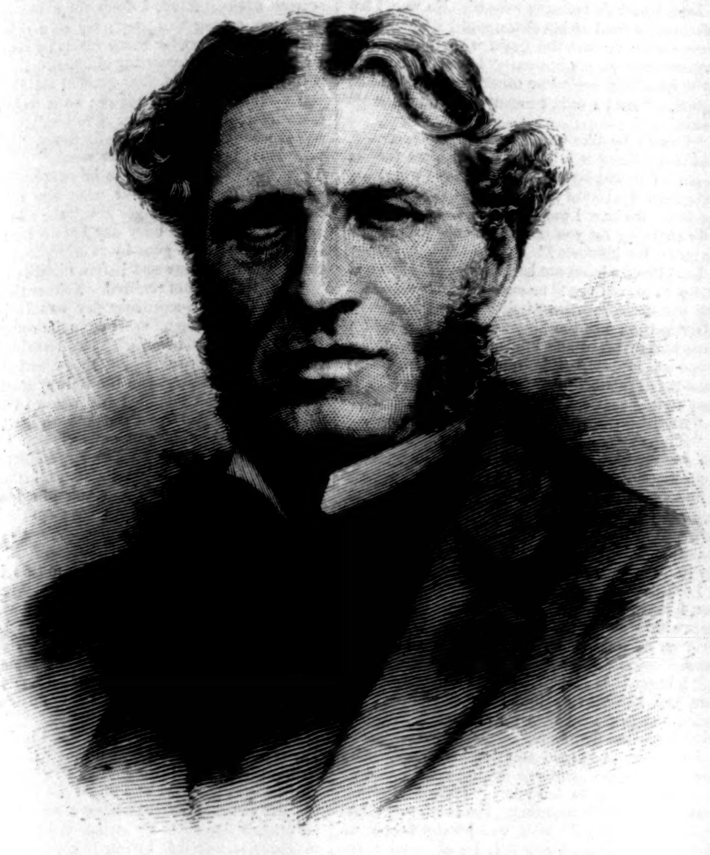
The presiding Bishop and the Bishops present laid their hands upon Dr. Knickerbacker's head, the presiding Bishop saying: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands," etc., after which a copy of the Bible was delivered to the new Bishop. The very interesting service closed with the "Nunc Dimittis."



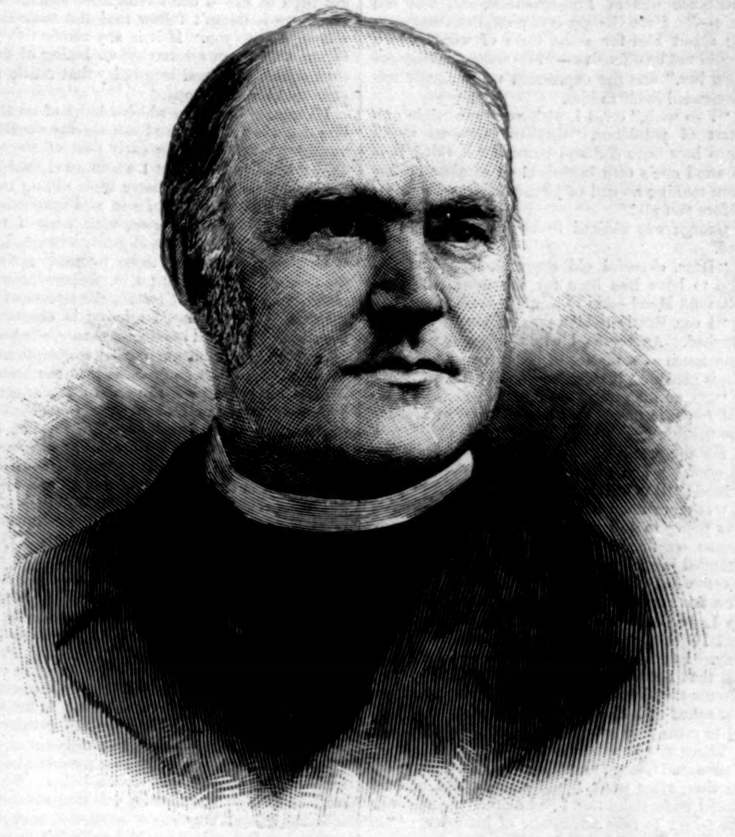
THE GERMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT AS SEEN FROM BINGENBRÜCK.



THE MONUMENT.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.—[See Page 679.]



THE RT. REV. DAVID B. KNICKERBACKER, D.D.—From a Photo. by A. H. Beal.—[See Page 676.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

GEORGE FULFILLS HIS MISSION.

I don't think I have ever, before or since, been so utterly taken aback. Afterward, when I had leisure to consider things quietly, I did call to mind one or two by-gone incidents which might have prepared me for this news, if I had not been so certain that George had no romantic side to his character; but for the moment I could only gape in stupid silence.

"Ah!" said George, mournfully, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

I didn't like it at all; I was indignant, I was disgusted, and I knew quite well that I had not the smallest right to be either the one or the other. Nor could I altogether disguise my feelings. I was conscious that it was in a harsh and disagreeable voice that I said at last, "You have developed this attachment rather rapidly, haven't you?"

"Oh dear no," he answered, simply; "I have loved her ever since we were children; but I always kept it to myself, because, even when I was a boy, I could see what a hopeless business it was. Afterward you grew up and fell in love with her, and then, of course, there was an end of my chance, supposing that I had ever had any. Whether I have any now or not I can't tell; but probably not. What do you think, Charley?" concluded George, looking at me with a timid appeal in his honest brown eyes which should have softened the hardest heart.

It did not soften mine. "Well, if you ask me," replied I, bluntly, "I can't say that I think you have much chance. I am sure it never can have occurred to her to think of you as a lover. It—it really does seem so ridiculous, you know."

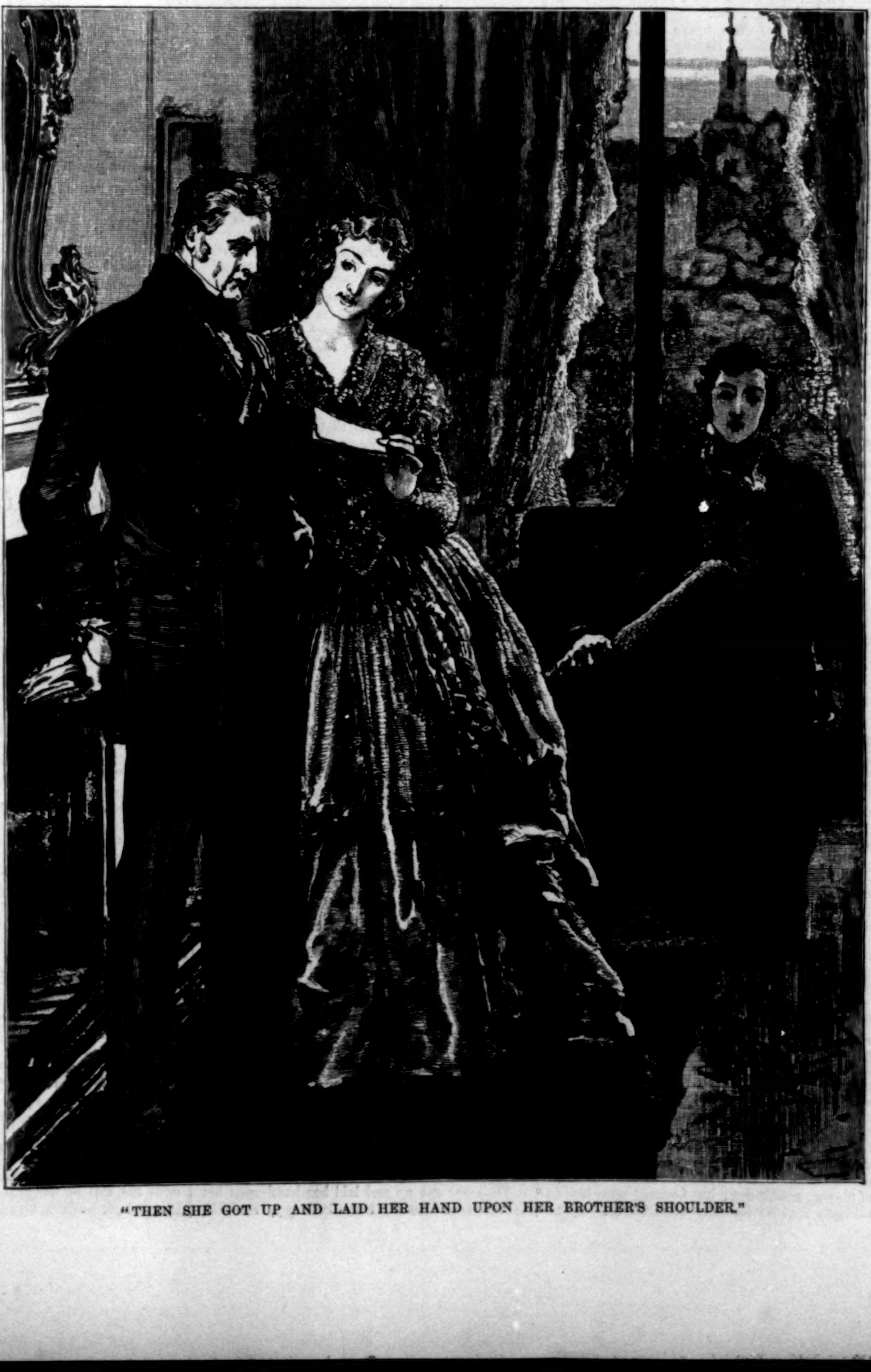
"I suppose it does," observed George, not in the least affronted. "Upon the face of it, it *is* ridiculous; only one so often hears of beautiful and clever women who have the most homely kind of husbands. I have emboldened myself a little by that thought sometimes. And as to her being taken by surprise, I am not so sure that she will be that. Since you went away I have seen a good deal more of her than I used to do, and she has always been extremely kind, and not long ago my mother persuaded her to stay a few days with us at Hailsham, and—and—in point of fact, I think she may have an inkling of the truth. Though, of course, I can't say for certain."

"Oh, really?" said I, swallowing down with great difficulty the bitterness of my dissatisfaction. "I dare say it will be all right, then. Only, if it isn't indiscreet to mention it, what are you going to live upon, supposing that she accepts you?"

"Well, really I haven't thought very much about that," George confessed; "it has always seemed such an impossible thing that she should accept me. But if she did"—here he straightened himself up in his chair and a wonderful brightness overspread his face—"if she did, I think I could earn my living as well as another. Thousands have done it before me, and I don't feel much afraid of failing, somehow. For I have always found," he added, with pathetic humility, "that plodding industry tells in the long-run; and though perhaps I am naturally more fitted for manual labor than for head-work, I can generally manage to master a subject by giving more time to it than other men would need to do."

"But isn't it more prudent and—more usual to begin earning one's living before proposing?" I knew I ought not to say this, but I couldn't for the life of me help it.

George's patience was proof against any provocation. "No doubt," said he; "and perhaps I won't propose until I can see my way more plainly. But sometimes, you know, one is hurried into speaking a little sooner than one has intended; and to begin with, I wanted to be sure that I was not taking any unfair advantage of your absence. You had never actually told me that you had given up thinking of Miss Dennison: all I had to go upon was what I



"THEN SHE GOT UP AND LAID HER HAND UPON HER BROTHER'S SHOULDER."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

had seen myself at Naples, and what General Le Marchant said."

"You mean that day out shooting?"

"Yes, and afterward. He told us that Lady Constance was at Franzenshöhe, and that you were—" Here George broke off, evidently casting about him for some form of words which should not be offensive—"in constant attendance upon her," was the expression which finally recommended itself to him.

"I do wish," cried I, with an irrepressible outburst of petulance, "that the General would learn how beautiful and becoming a thing it is to mind one's own business! I suppose he has been making no end of jocose remarks about me before you all?"

George was obliged to acknowledge that he had.

"Dear, cheerful old creature, how I should like to have him here for five minutes! And what did Maud seem to think of it?"

"I can hardly tell," answered George. "She laughed. As far as I could judge, she took it very much as a matter of course; and naturally I was glad that it troubled her so little."

"Oh, nothing could be more natural: *les absens ont toujours tort*. You had the best of reasons for wishing her to laugh at me, too."

For the first time George looked decidedly displeased. "You ought not to say that," he returned; "it is unfair and untrue. If I was glad, it was more upon her account than my own. I was going to tell you that I didn't feel by any means convinced that you had so completely changed in such a short time; and that was why I came out here. Even now it is not too late. You have only to promise me that you will give up Lady Constance and return to your old love, and I'll engage not to interfere with you in any way. I fully admit your right to be heard first. All that I should stipulate for would be that if, after a certain time—say a year—you had either not asked or had been refused, I should be allowed to come forward again and take my chance."

There was no withstanding such magnanimity. I answered George that I appreciated it, but added that, after what I had already told him, he would understand that I had neither the wish nor the power to take advantage of his offer. "Go on and prosper," I said, trying hard to show some magnanimity myself. "I ought to wish you every success; for I should like you to have the best wife in the world, and I should like Maud to have the best husband."

But, in spite of these brave words, I was far from being satisfied. Having been so blind to George's attachment, it was reasonable to conclude that I might have been equally blind as regarded Maud; and, although I had often assured myself of late that she had never really cared for me except as a brother, there was something disagreeably humbling in the thought that she had attached no sort of importance to my vows. In bed that night I thought over all our meetings and conversations; I thought in particular of that afternoon when I had fished her out of the Broad, and of the look which I had surprised—or fancied that I had surprised—in her eyes; and I am afraid I muttered to my pillow some very unwarrantable things about the fickleness of women. I was more than half disposed, in short, to play the dog in the manger's part; and I dare say some large-minded readers may find it within the range of their capacities to sympathize with me.

On the following morning George started for England, notwithstanding the snow, which was still falling. He was anxious to have another day or two in Norfolk before returning to London and work, he said, though not in any great hurry to learn his fate. I, on the other hand, was consumed by a burning curiosity to hear what Maud would say to his proposal, and urged him—with little regard, I am afraid, for his interests—to "get it over and have done with it." But he said No; he thought he would bide his time. "I laid in a large stock of patience years ago, when I supposed I should want it for the rest of my life, and now that things have turned out differently, I find that I have still a considerable balance left to draw upon. Besides, as you very truly say, it would be more satisfactory to have an actual income to offer than only the prospect of one."

Then he promised to let me hear from him as soon as he had any good news to tell, and so we shook hands, and the train bore him away.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANZENSHÖHE IS BEREAVED.

I EXPECTED that Lady Constance would catechise me as to what had passed between me and George, and as to the reason of his sudden departure; but she did not do this, nor did she say anything more about going away herself. Lady Constance seldom fulfilled expectation either in word or deed; and this was a constant source of trial to Mr. Sotheran, who hated surprises. Like George, however, he had laid in an ample store of patience, and bore the daily slights and vexations which were inflicted upon him with a stoicism which would have been sublime if it had not been so exasperating.

I, for my part, was more mercifully treated, though I could not flatter myself that my prospects were any better than his—if, indeed, they were as good. I don't know whether I was the envy or the laughing-stock of Franzenshöhe at this time: a little of each, perhaps. That there were many men young and old who would gladly have changed places with me I have no doubt, but whether this circumstance prevented them from smiling at the parade which I made of my thralldom I am not equally sure. Once Pemberton asked me if I was not growing rather tired of playing poodle-dog; but I turned upon him so savagely that he formally withdrew the expression, merely observing that I need not bite his leg off in order to prove that I wasn't a poodle. "I used to fetch and carry for her ladyship myself once," said he, "and I got tired of it, or she got tired of me—I don't remember which. But of course it doesn't follow that the same thing will happen to you. If it is any comfort to you to know that you are having an inning of more than double the usual length, lay that comfort to your soul, and be happy."

Happiness is a term which admits of no absolute definition; therefore I can not say whether I was happy or not in the early part of the year 1854; but I suspect that I was a good deal less miserable than I should have been willing to allow. The daily round of life at Franzenshöhe provided me, at all events, with what I then considered excitements, and, oddly enough, Lady Constance too appeared to be tolerably satisfied with these, and to have no immediate intention of quitting them. But toward the season of the equinox, when a general stirring is observable both in animate and inanimate nature, she began once more to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of restlessness. First she took it into her head to decline all invitations, refused to see anybody, and absented herself even from the entertainments given at the Legation. Then she as suddenly appeared in the world again, and scandalized King Rudolf, who never talked politics, by telling him in the presence of a large and distinguished circle that Socialism would make an end of all German monarchies before the century was out—a remark, by-the-way, which his Majesty never forgave. Finally, in defiance of Lord Rossan's prohibition, she summoned back the shaggy patriots whom she had so carelessly sent to the right-about some months before, and was forever holding nocturnal conclaves to which they and only they were admitted.

In all these vagaries there was nothing to complain of, so far as I personally was concerned. The chorus of conspirators was often in my way, it is true, but not more so than the cavalry officers and attachés whom it had superseded, and I was thankful for anything that seemed likely to keep Lady Constance at Franzenshöhe. What I omitted to take into account was that subversive schemes, though they might serve well enough to amuse her for a time, could hardly fail to bring her into collision with her brother's authority before very long.

It was my privilege to be a spectator of the inevitable explosion. I was sitting in Lady Constance's drawing-room, one morning in the early spring, when Lord Rossan walked in, with his hands full of official papers, and a portentous frown upon his brow. The moment that I saw him I guessed what was the matter, and I shook in my shoes; for I don't mind confessing that I had a wholesome dread of my chief's displeasure. Lady Constance, who feared nothing and nobody, maintained her composure.

"This is an unusual honor," said she. "Sit down and tell us all the news."

Lord Rossan took no notice of this invitation, but advanced to the low arm-chair in which his sister was reclining, and looked down upon her sternly. "Constance," he said, "what did I tell you when you first came here about the revolutionists whom you chose to receive?"

"As far as I remember," answered she, "you told me you wouldn't have them in the house."

"In spite of which it appears that you have broken your word, and invited them into the house."

"I never break my word, as you know," returned Lady Constance, curtly. "In the present instance I did not pledge it."

"I should have thought that you would have been above such quibbles as that. There was a distinct understanding that you should keep out of these silly intrigues as long as you were under my roof, and I consider that you have been guilty of a breach of faith. While you are wandering about irresponsibly you can of course do as you please, and no one will dispute your right to engage in any tomfoolery that may be attractive to you; but when you do me the honor to reside with me, you must put a curb upon your impetuosity. I was under the impression that I had made that clear to you at the outset."

"It is not such tomfoolery as you think," replied Lady Constance, quite good-humoredly. "Who was it that said you can do anything with bayonets, except sit on them? I grant you that large standing armies may keep things quiet for an indefinite time, but nothing is more certain than that disaffection must creep into the armies sooner or later, and then the great crash will come."

Lord Rossan waved his hand impatiently. "You are begging the question. The history of the world is a history of great crashes, followed by great calms. Your ragamuffins don't know what they want, and will never get anything except what they deserve. But all that is beside the mark. What interests me is that, in consequence of your freaks, I have just received a snubbing dispatch and a private letter from the Secretary of State, in which I am told to exercise a little more control over my family."

"How amusing!" exclaimed Lady Constance. "May I see his letter?"

Lord Rossan tossed it into her lap. "It may be very amusing," said he, dryly, "but I so completely fail to see the joke myself that I am determined to have no repetition of it."

Respect for the memory of the then Minister for Foreign Affairs forbids me to record Lady Constance's irreverent comments upon the epistolary style of that eminent statesman. "I wonder who has been telling him tales out of school," she remarked, as she folded up the letter. "Never mind! I can easily smooth down his ruffled plumage, and he shall make you an apology for having been so rude."

Then she got up and laid her hand upon her brother's shoulder. "Don't be angry," she said, gently. "I acknowledge my sin, and I'll make the only reparation for it in my power by going away as soon as ever I get my things packed up."

Lord Rossan's features relaxed. He was, I believe, really fond of his sister, and I know that it went sorely against the grain with him to turn any one out of his house. "I wish you would try to be a little more like other people, Con!" he sighed. "And I didn't mean that you must go away."

"I can't be like other people," she returned, laughing; "and it is certainly high time for me to go. You will be very much relieved when you have seen the last of me, and Elizabeth will jump for joy. Besides, I want to be in London. Can't I do anything for you there? Would you like an embassy, for instance?"

Lord Rossan burst out laughing. "Just listen to this woman, will you!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't you think she had the whole world at her feet? After getting me the first sharp rebuke that I have had in my whole official career, she coolly proposes to select this favorable moment for pressing my claims upon the Foreign-office. The best of it is that she'd do it, too!"

"And successfully," added Lady Constance.

"Oh, I have no doubt you think so. Maxwell, let me recommend this model for your study. Your discrimination will tell you where to imitate it and where to take warning by it; but it will at any rate teach you that with a hearty belief in yourself you may go far. As for me, I am not ambitious; all I ask is to be allowed to perform my humble duties in peace and quietness."

Lord Rossan had recovered his good-humor; but I noticed that he did not press Lady Constance to prolong her sojourn in Suabia; and as soon as he was gone I broke out into lamentations.

"I knew how it would be! I knew I should lose you before very long! Now you will go away, and perhaps, when we next meet, you will have forgotten my name."

Lady Constance paid no attention to me. She had rung the bell, and was issuing brief, peremptory instructions to Antonio. "I shall leave for London to-morrow morning. See that everything is packed up, pay all bills, and let the people at the railway station know that I shall want a reserved compartment."

"So soon!" I ejaculated, dolefully. "Must you really go so soon?"

Lady Constance seated herself at her writing-table and began rapidly scribbling off notes. It was not until she had finished these and had inclosed them in their envelopes that she marched up to the chair into which I had sunk in a state of collapse. After contemplating me for a minute with knitted brows, she exclaimed, abruptly, "Do you know that you present a very pitiable spectacle?"

"I dare say I do," replied I, despairingly; "I don't care. Perhaps you would present a pitiable spectacle if the world suddenly crumbled into ruins around you."

"I abhor exaggeration," she returned, coldly, and walked away to the window.

Perhaps I might have been stung into something a little more like manliness by this insensibility, had the circumstances been other than they were. As it was, I was too much overwhelmed to realize anything beyond the dreadful fact that Lady Constance was going to abandon me. After a time I picked myself up and moved toward the door. There was nothing more to be said, and from the impatient movement of her foot I judged that she was anxious to get rid of me. But when my fingers were already upon the lock she recalled me.

"Come back," she said, with a little vexed laugh—"come back, and for Heaven's sake don't make such a deplorable exhibition of yourself! I positively thought you were going to *cry* just now. Do you know why I have liked you better than other people? Why, because I have always given you credit for more than an average share of pride and pluck. If you are going to fall into drivelling imbecility now, the sooner we bid one another a fond and final farewell the better."

"Scolding me will do no good," said I, with a dull pain at my heart. "Very likely I am imbecile: if I am, it is you who have made me so. I half believe that I am out of my mind. I only live for you; if I am to lose you, I should like to die. I haven't a wish or a thought in the world that is not connected with you, directly or indirectly. I haven't even the power now to hate myself for being such an idiot."

Lady Constance looked at me curiously. "You are very fortunate," said she, "to be able to feel like that."

"Fortunate!"

"Of course," she returned, impatiently. "Isn't it better than feeling nothing at all? But I have no time to talk transcendentalism now; let us come down to prosaic issues. I suppose what you would like would be to follow me to London, would it not?"

"It doesn't much matter whether I should like it or not, since it happens to be impossible," replied I, despondently.

"You are much too fond of that word. There can surely be no impossibility about getting a month's leave. But if a month won't satisfy you, why don't you give up Franzenshöhe and exchange with one of the Foreign-office clerks?"

"Do you think that can be managed?" I asked, eagerly.

"I can't see any reason why it shouldn't be managed. In fact, I dare say I could manage it for you."

"How good you are!" I exclaimed, with enthusiasm. But then I mentally projected myself into the future, and added, more soberly: "After all, though, you are sure not to stay long in London."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I shall be there until the end of the season in all probability. Please don't begin to be exacting as well as foolish. I have pointed out to you an easy way of getting what you want for the present: let that be enough. When you are tired of London, you have only to exchange back into the diplomatic service again. Mind, I don't for a moment advise your taking this step; my own opinion is that you would act far more wisely by remaining where you are and courting oblivion. But I take it for granted that in your present state of mind you wouldn't listen to advice; so it would be a mere waste of time to offer it to you."

"I wonder," said I, meditatively, "whether your heart is as hard as your words."

She replied that it was to be supposed so, because she certainly meant what she said. "I won't keep you any longer now," she added, presently. "I have a busy day before me; but I hope to have said good-by to everybody and to have cast off all hawsers before night-fall."

This hope was not realized. Neither that evening nor on the succeeding day was Lady Constance free for one moment from the company of her disconsolate friends. They remained with her till long after midnight; they escorted her in a sorrowful procession to the railway station the next morning; they filled her reserve compartment with bouquets, and the air with inarticulate wailings. The only one among them who remained totally unmoved was Mr. Sotheran, who announced casually that he himself would be starting for London in the course of a few days. As for me, I obtained little more than the others did to soften the pain of parting, not even the promise of a letter, though I begged hard for it.

"I think I told you once before that I never write friendly letters," Lady Constance said; "but I will let you know my address as soon as I have one, and I will try and find somebody to make the exchange with you that you wish for."

Then she turned away to speak to some of the high official personages who had come to wish her a pleasant journey, and I was elbowed into the background.

After Lady Constance went away I had to bear a long interval of suspense, during which I heard nothing of her, and was grievously tormented by doubts as to whether she might not have forgotten her promise of contriving a transfer of appointment for me. My irritation became so intolerable at last that I wrote to my cousin Harry, begging him to let me know whether he had seen Lady Constance, and what he thought I had better do under the circumstances. The return post brought me a long and friendly reply, in which I was advised to have patience, and was assured that I had not been forgotten, although the wished-for exchange might not be obtained quite immediately.

"It takes a little time to arrange these things," Harry wrote; "and the difficulty of finding a man willing to leave London is of course greater at the beginning of the season than it would be at another time of the year. However, where there's a will there's a way, and I happen to know that the will is not wanting on Lady Constance's part. She has secured a very smart little house in Mayfair, the interior of which you will become familiar with, I hope, before long, and I need not say that she is, as usual, besieged by callers from morning to night. I know this to my cost, because I sometimes have occasion to visit her upon business, and because I am often kept waiting an hour or more in the dining-room before she can receive me. At Franzenshöhe, where nobody knew me, I was allowed to mix with respectable people, as you may remember; but in London a little more discretion has to be exercised. Not that I complain of this; it is my own wish to avoid all risk of recognition. Lady Constance is generous enough and independent enough to welcome me at any time and in any company, and even if she knew my history I don't think she would alter her behavior. Generosity is said to be more common than justice, but that has not been my experience. I have met a good many fairly just people in my life, but only two who could properly be called generous. Lady Constance Milner is one of them; I won't offend your modesty by naming the other."

My spirits, which had been greatly cheered by this missive, were still further raised a few days later, when an envelope, directed in a bold handwriting which I knew, was delivered to me. It contained, it is true, nothing but a visiting-card, bearing an address in Hill Street, with the words "At home every Sunday after five o'clock" written under Lady Constance's name; but it seemed clearly to imply an expectation that I should be in London at no distant date, and I was proportionately grateful for it.

Nevertheless, I had still a long time to wait before Lord Rossan sent for me one morning, and, surveying me with shrewd eyes which expressed some annoyance, some curiosity, and a good deal of amusement, said he had been given to understand that I wished to barter diplomacy for office-work at home. I intimated that he had been rightly informed, and he then asked whether I had fully considered the importance of what I was about to do. "Because," said he, "I think—and so does Lady Rossan—that you are making a great mistake. A mistake in *all* respects," he added, obligingly laying an emphasis upon these last words, so that I might distinctly understand what they meant.

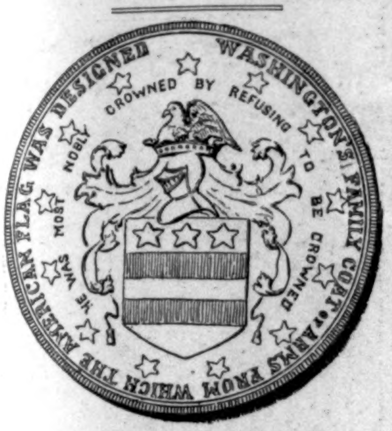
I could only reply that I was sorry to go against his advice, but that I had particular reasons for wishing to be in London at that time.

"Very well," he said; "then you had better put yourself in communication with Mr. Spender, of the Foreign-office, who, it appears, has particular reasons for wishing to be out of London just now. That, I take it, means that he has been outrunning the constable. Well, we shall be sorry to lose you, Maxwell; but every man must buy his own experience. I hope yours will not cost you more dearly than you expect."

I said what politeness and gratitude required, and assured Lord Rossan with perfect truth that I was giving up my present post, not on account of any dissatisfaction with it, but simply in obedience to the reasons which I had alluded to. I did not, however, hint at what these reasons were, partly because I was convinced that they were no secret to him, and partly because I fancied that he did not wish me to be more explicit.

Lady Rossan, rather to my surprise, made no attempt to turn me from my purpose. Probably she knew that nothing effectual could be said; and I think, too, that she was a little hurt by my eagerness to leave those who had been so kind to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS DESIGNED
WASHINGTON'S FAMILY COAT OF ARMS FROM WHICH
HE WAS MOST NOBLY CROWNED BY REFUSING TO BE CROWNED

THE NEWBURGH MEDAL.

THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL.

The latest of the long list of Revolutionary centennials, begun with that of the battle of Lexington in April, 1875, was that of the final disbandment of the American army at Newburgh, on the Hudson, which was celebrated in that city last Thursday. It now remains for New York city to close the list by celebrating, on the 26th of next month, the British evacuation; and if her citizens exhibit half the enthusiasm that was shown in Newburgh, they will make it the grandest celebration of the series.

Everybody in Newburgh celebrated, and not only everybody in Newburgh, but in the whole middle valley of the Hudson, from Haverstraw to Catskill, and the result was such a pouring of people into the streets of the pretty, old-fashioned city as they have never seen before, and probably never will again. It is estimated that nearly 100,000 strangers joined with the 20,000 resident population in commemorating the event, for the West Shore Railway alone conveyed 30,000 visitors to the city, and its efforts were supplemented by those of several other railroads and a score of steamboats.

The day was bright and clear, but a strong westerly breeze blew the flags straight out, whirled the gay autumn leaves high in air, raised suffocating clouds of dust, and chilled to the bone thousands of spectators who were not so warmly clad as they should have been.

In the early morning a national salute from the heavy guns of the six men-of-war anchored in Newburgh Bay, abreast of the city, announced sunrise. Answering salutes from the Washington Head-Quarters, Fishkill, Storm King, and West Point awoke the echoes of the responsive Highlands, and ushered in the memorable day. Soon afterward strangers began to pour into the city, and swell the crowds who were already on hand, having spent the night there. By eight o'clock the streets were crowded, and still the arriving multitudes choked every avenue of approach. From end to end, and into its most hidden nooks, the city was draped and smothered with bunting, flags, shields, mottoes, pictures, and Chinese lanterns, and on every street a band played, or a body of uniformed men marched and displayed themselves to the gaze of the admiring rustics. At twelve o'clock, or only one hour after the advertised time, the procession was formed and started on its five-mile march up and down the hilly streets of the city. In it were nearly 10,000 men, among whom were the Seventh Regiment (700 hundred strong) from New York, and the Twenty-third and Thirteenth Regiments from Brooklyn. Next to the Seventh, the troops attracting most attention were the men in Continental uniform, marching as Baron Steuben had taught their ancestors to march, forming the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, Connecticut. The participants in the parade who realized most keenly that they were the cynosures of all eyes, and that the fate of the nation rested upon their shoulders, were the members of the nineteen local and visiting fire companies. As these men, clad in preposterous leathern hats, red flannel shirts, black trousers, spanners, and stern expressions, marched through street after street, towing their little two-wheeled hose-carts and other gaudy paraphernalia behind them, one could not help recalling the set speech with which ex-chiefs of the New York Volunteer Fire Department invariably began the festivities attending Firemen's Balls, and which was, "Is the ma-sheen ready? Wa'al, let her go!"

The seventy-five bands of music and drum-and-fife corps, all braying, drumming, and squeaking at once, produced an overwhelming discord that defied analysis, and could not truthfully be described as a "jangle of sweet sounds."

In the intervals of marching, the boys of the Seventh Regiment contributed greatly to the fun of the day by their pranks and infinite jests, while members of the Brooklyn regiments sang choruses and glees so well as to receive the unstinted applause of all who were within hearing.

By two o'clock the parade was over, and its component parts were engaged in an exciting struggle for something to eat, while the multitude of spectators resolved itself into a gigantic picnic party, and taking possession of every available grass-plot, opened and emptied its lunch baskets.

At three o'clock the ten-acre inclosure in which stands the old Head-Quarters house was densely packed with a struggling mass of sneezing, shivering humanity, who vainly imagined that they were going to hear something of the music and speech-making from the platform, which, with seating accommodation for two or three hundred people, was by courtesy termed the "grand stand." A few persons in its immediate vicinity heard the exquisite music of the overture to *William Tell* as rendered by the Seventh Regiment Band, Dudley Buck's "Te Deum," sung by a chorus of 500 voices, Senator Bayard's timely remarks, the melodious rhythm of Wallace Bruce's poem, and the eloquent oration of Mr. Evarts; but the brisk breezes took immediate possession of all these sounds, and before those standing within a hundred feet of their source could catch them had borne them far away.

The firing of salutes from the ships was far more satisfactory, for not only could the sound be distinctly heard, but the flash could be noted, and the smoke as it gracefully floated away could be hailed with exclamations of pleasure.

The crowd beyond reach of the music and eloquent remarks also found much innocent amusement in corralling wandering Governors, Admirals, and Generals, who with their attendant staffs struggled bravely to gain the sanctuary of the "grand stand." The gorgeous apparel worn by these gentlemen made them conspicuous objects for the fun, ridicule, and good-humored chaff of the crowd, which in this respect was as merciless as another personage who is said to "love a shining mark."

In the pyrotechnic display, which formed a pleasing part of the day's celebration, the novelty of fire-works by daylight was successfully introduced. The effects were produced by bombs thrown high in air, which upon explosion projected graceful patterns in party-colored smoke, and quaint figures of birds, beasts, or fish cut from the lightest tissue, which floated slowly earthward. This display was made from floats anchored in the river, and was supplementary to that afforded by the men-of-war, yachts, and numberless other craft with which the bay was filled, and from every available point, of which flags of the gayest possible combinations of color fluttered in the October breeze.

At night the gay flags were replaced by countless lights of green, red, yellow, and white, and the smoke and tissue pyrotechnics of the day were succeeded by a grand display of genuine fire-works, to witness which was well worth the many discomforts endured by the spectators.

After all was over, when of the last rocket nothing remained but a broken stick, when the bands had exhausted themselves with their final efforts in the way of patriotic and théâtre-comique music, the trials and tribulations of the multitude began in earnest. Hungry, thirsty, dusty, tired, cold, and impatient to get to their homes, many miles away, they thronged to the railroad platforms and wharves only to find the accommodations for their conveyance from the city wholly inadequate to their demands. The small hours of the following morning found thousands still waiting about the stations, without protection against the bitter chill of the night winds that swept mercilessly up the river, and daylight found many of the sufferers who had been unable to get away or to procure lodgings wandering disconsolately through the city streets.

The Newburgh Celebration was upon the whole a very glorious and successful affair; but, as one of its results, the number of persons who are to-day suffering from influenza, sore throat, or rheumatism is probably much greater than the entire number of Revolutionary soldiers who were mustered out of service at the same place one hundred years ago.

THE ADVENT OF MR. ARNOLD.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is the most distinguished man of letters who has visited this country for years, and there is naturally a good deal of curiosity respecting him. The time has gone by when the advent of a British writer was looked upon as a blessing or a calamity, for while we may still be as vulnerable as Mrs. Trollope, Captain Marryat, Dickens, and others depicted us, we certainly are not so foolishly thin-skinned as we were then. We have outgrown the boastful bumptiousness incident to our youth as a people, and having learned to measure ourselves fairly, are prepared to be measured by others calmly. What Mr. Arnold may think of us, therefore, or what he may say of us, does not concern us as it might have done forty years ago. What does concern us somewhat, however, is what we may think and say of Mr. Arnold, for that depends upon himself, and not upon us. He comes with a reputation that is superior to any popularity he may have acquired, and he will be judged by that reputation. To the great body of the American people he is merely a name; to the thoughtful members of that body he is a thinker whom they respect, whether they agree with him or not, and a writer whom they admire under all circumstances. Literature has not been to him, as to many of the guild in England, a trade whereby they can gather a great heap of guineas, or a vocation whereby they can attain the notoriety they mistake for fame. It has been from the beginning a serious and laborious pursuit, undertaken from a sense of personal duty as well as a desire for personal distinction, and it has rewarded him and his countrymen—rewarded him in the satisfaction which must have grown out of the writing of his brilliant books, and them in the dissatisfaction with which they received those books, which forced them to think, whether they would or not, penetrating the thick cuticle of their Philistinism, and letting out their diseased humors. Mr. Arnold's English readers have been bettered by his books, which have lengthened their mental vision until it now reaches beyond their own right little, tight little island.

But whatever may have been his services as a social satirist, or an apostle of sweetness and light in things pertaining to dogma, his services to pure letters have been greater, and it is by these that he will be longest remembered. Thirty-five years have passed since the publication of *The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems*, in which the advent of a new poet was as unmistakable as eighteen years before in Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. Five years later came "Empedocles on Ætna," and in the following year (1854) the first volume of verse to which he attached his name. If there had been any doubt as to whether "A," the author of "The Strayed Reveller," was a poet of great promise, that doubt was triumphantly decided by the great performance in "Sohrab and Rustum," that noble and pathetic episode in which the voice of Firdousi speaks to us through the trumpet of Homer; in "Tristram and Iseult," which signaled the return of the mediæval element to English poetry; and in "The Scholar Gypsy," which Keats might have written in his gravest moods. These poems were not the lucky accidents which sometimes come from young poets who build instinctively better than they know; they were carefully planned and deliberately executed works, the act of one to whom poetry was a profound art, the purpose of which, and the subjects with which it should chiefly occupy itself, were duly set forth by him in a preface which recalled the famous preface of Wordsworth, and declared the critic as surely as the verse declared the poet. Mr. Arnold has a wider range of critical sympathy than any living English writer—sympathy which is rather French than English—and whether he is discussing Homer or Heine, Maurice de Guerin or Marcus Aurelius, he is equally suggestive and equally delightful. He has attained Style in his prose. It is this catholic critic and this thoughtful poet that we hope to find in Mr. Arnold, and if we find either, he has found friends, who, knowing him in spirit, are glad to see him in the flesh, and to hear whatever he may have to say. If we have a word of advice to offer him, it is that he should avoid that pest of modern society, the Interviewer. "The rest is silence."

R. H. Stoddard.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The present is the "game season" in many of the regions of summer resort, notably the Adirondacks, the mountains of Pennsylvania, and along the south shore of Long Island. On the shores of the Great South Bay the routine involves getting up at an hour which most city people would consider unseemly, contact with a good deal of cool dampness, and fatigue from which the majority of summer visitors would shrink. Yet the devotees of the sport are never without enthusiasm.

While waiting for a train, a Missouri sheriff, with a prisoner whom he had brought from Nebraska to be tried on a charge of horse-stealing, made many visits to an adjacent bar-room. The result was that while the sheriff's regard for the law was for the time being almost obliterated, that of the prisoner was greatly magnified. A policeman took charge of the sheriff, and the prisoner thereupon went to the depot-master, and said, "They've arrested my sheriff, and I want to turn myself over to you." When the train came along, the inebriated sheriff was placed under the care of the partly inebriated prisoner, and the journey was continued.

The discovery is said to have been made that extensive smuggling of diamonds from Canada has been carried on by the employment of carrier-pigeons. The story has it that a young farmer living near Ogdensburg shot a pigeon which had a turkey quill full of diamonds tied to its left leg. Detectives watched the trains going from this side of the river to Canada, and soon found a basket of homing pigeons addressed to a small Canadian station. They were on the look-out for the person to whom the birds were addressed, but he did not come. By accident, however, a lodge was found in a swamp which had evidently been one end of the aerial transportation line for precious stones. The smugglers had taken warning and fled. It is said that evidence has been discovered leading to the belief that diamonds worth between seven hundred thousand and eight hundred thousand dollars have been sent from Canada by this method. The risk of loss was very slight, as the birds fly at a great altitude, and are in little danger of being shot.

Nearly all of the weather sharps agree that the coming winter is to be mild. The veteran and observant hunters who have been examining woodchuck holes, and noting the doings of feathered creatures, agree with them.

"I heard at least one thing in the course of your sermon to-day that I never heard in a sermon before," said a Rhode Island man to a preacher who had detained his congregation till their patience was nearly exhausted.

"And what was that?" asked the minister, greatly pleased.

"I heard the clock strike twice," was the reply.

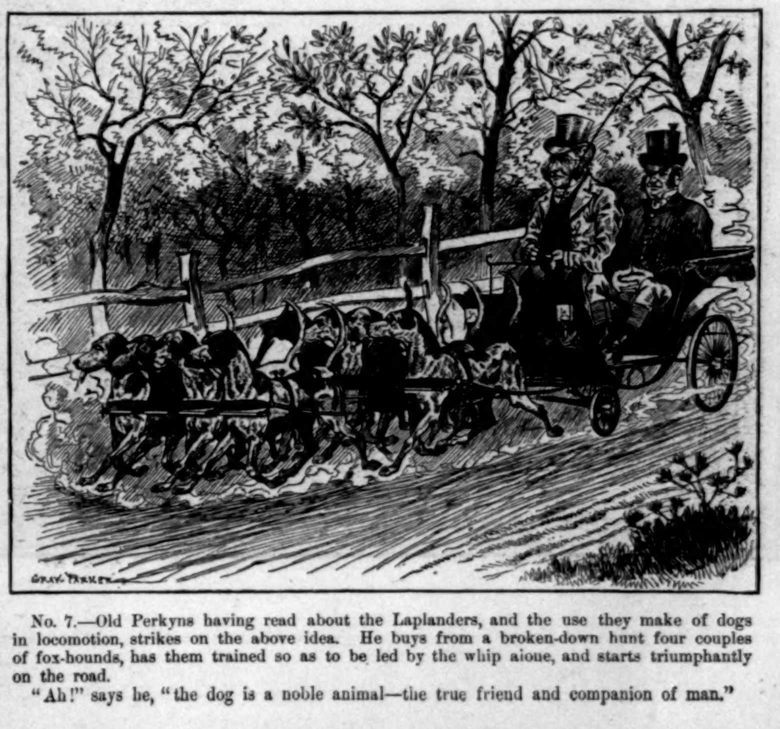
It is conjectured that the "bad lands" of Dakota may owe their condition to a process which may now be seen going on in the region between Bismarck and the Little Missouri River. Over a tract some two hundred feet square the air quivers with the heat, sulphurous vapors make a crystalline deposit on the edges of crevices in the earth, and a reddish glow is given out. This results from the combustion of coal beneath the surface, and it was going on when the region was first visited by white men.

In Brighton, near Boston, a building to be used as a home for household animals that would otherwise be homeless is in process of erection. Money for the purpose was given by a lady to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Vagrant dogs and cats will be received and kept for a certain period, at the expiration of which, if they remain unclaimed, they will be gently removed from life through the agency of chloroform.

An item of society intelligence from Kansas says that elopements are becoming things of the past in that State. "It is becoming the rage now," says the writer, "for neighbors to take the bride's father into the next room and sit on him, so that he can't interrupt the wedding ceremony, and to get the mother upstairs discussing new styles of bonnets."

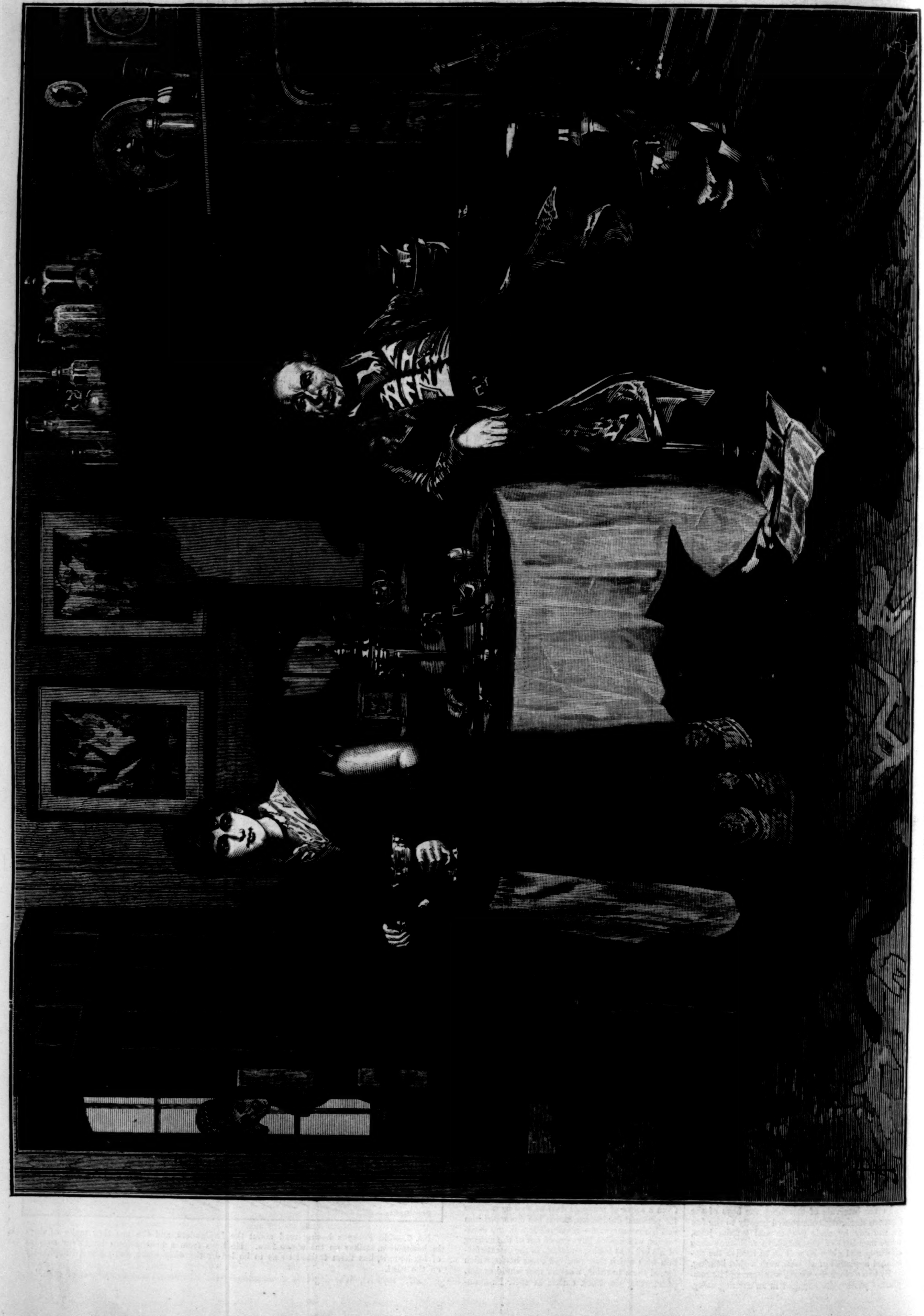
It is said to be fashionable this fall for American heiresses to wed young Irishmen of quality. German barons, it is learned from the same source, were in vogue last fall, and English noblemen two years ago.

Hat-band romances are becoming quite common. The latest that has found its way into print has a Connecticut girl for its heroine and a New Orleans man for its hero. The Southerner found a name written under the inner band of his hat, and found an address on the manufacturer's trade-mark. The hat was a year old when he made the discovery, and there was no telling how many other hats the name had been written in, or the consequences thereof. But he wrote to the possessor of the name, and the result was an engagement. The hero is wealthy; the wedding tour is to be extended; and hardly a hat goes out of a Connecticut factory now, it is averred, without at least one feminine name concealed somewhere on the inside.

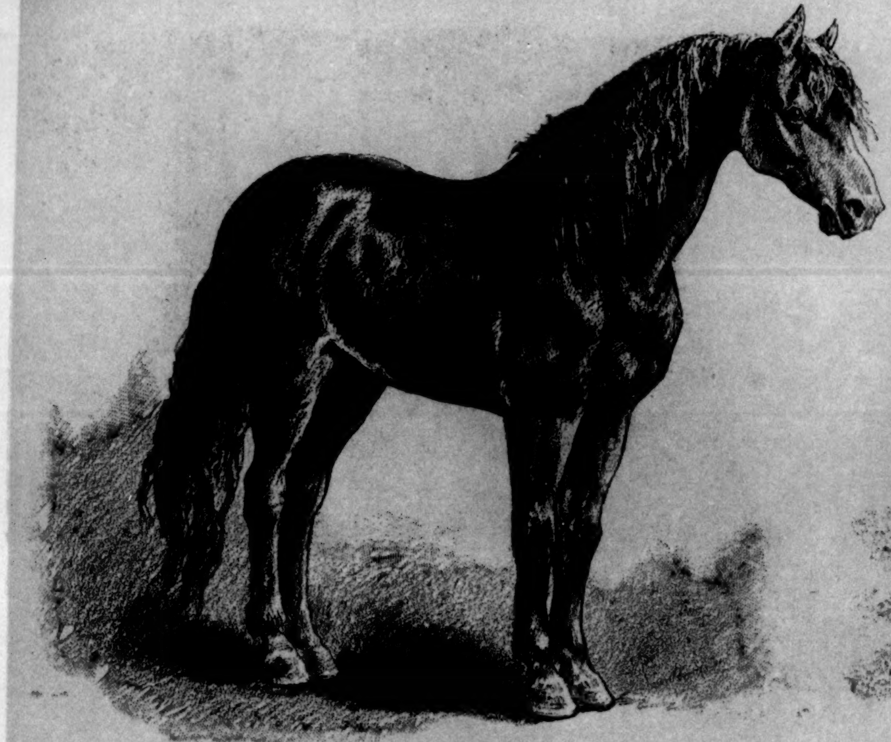


No. 7.—Old Perkyns having read about the Laplanders, and the use they make of dogs in locomotion, strikes on the above idea. He buys from a broken-down hunt four couples of fox-hounds, has them trained so as to be led by the whip aioue, and starts triumphantly on the road.

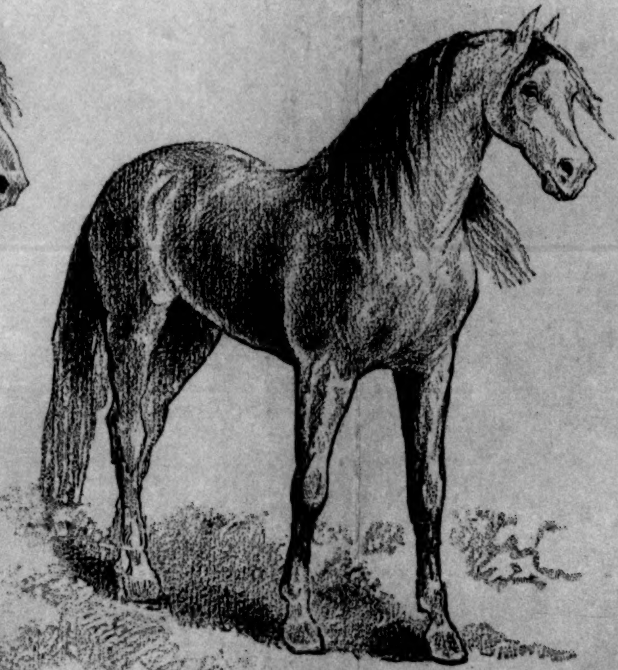
"Ah!" says he, "the dog is a noble animal—the true friend and companion of man."



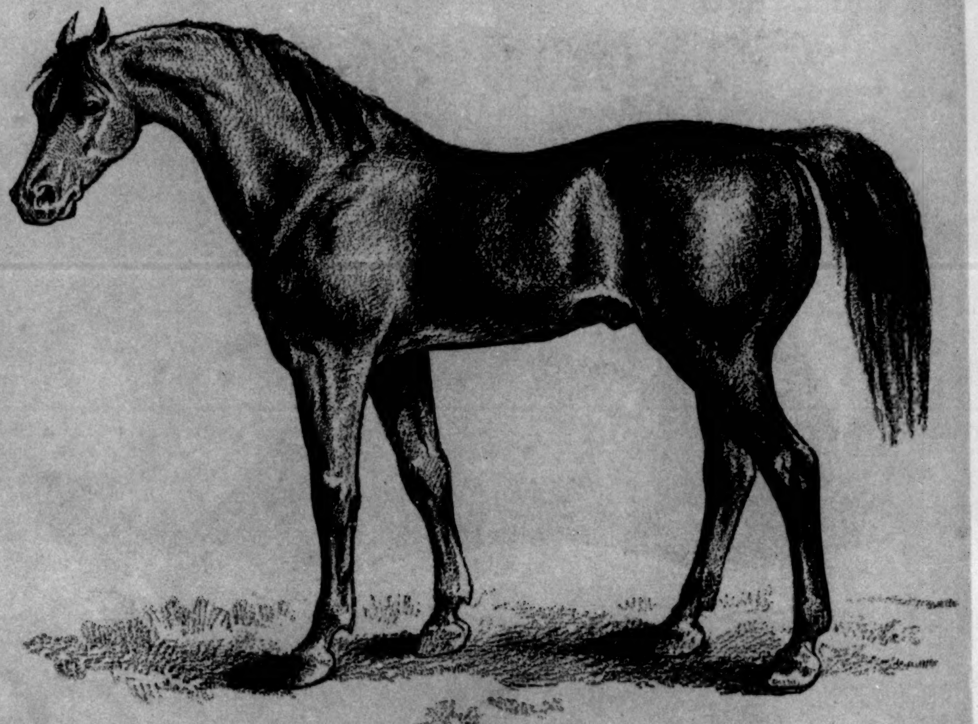
"OUR FIRST FLOOR LODGER."—From the Painting by H. G. Glindoni, Royal Water-color Exhibition.



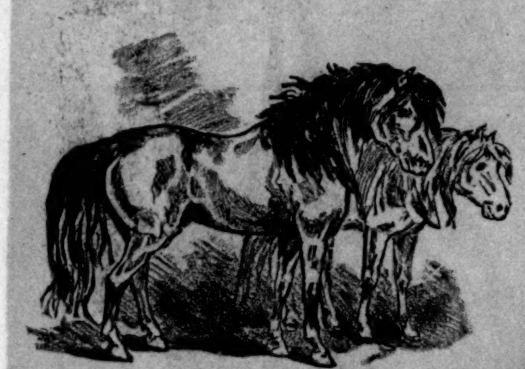
CANADIAN MARE.



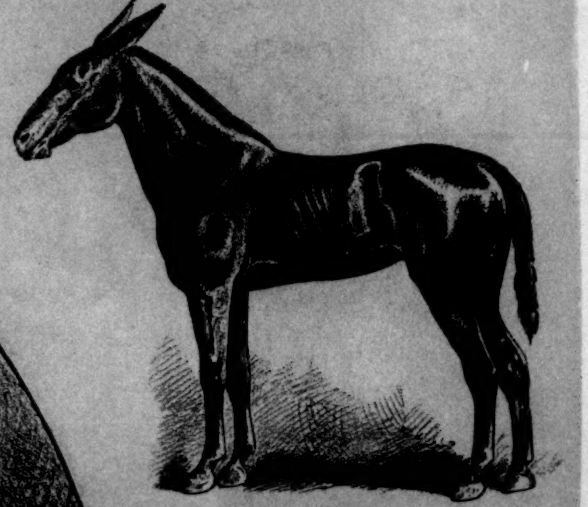
THOROUGH-BRED ARAB.



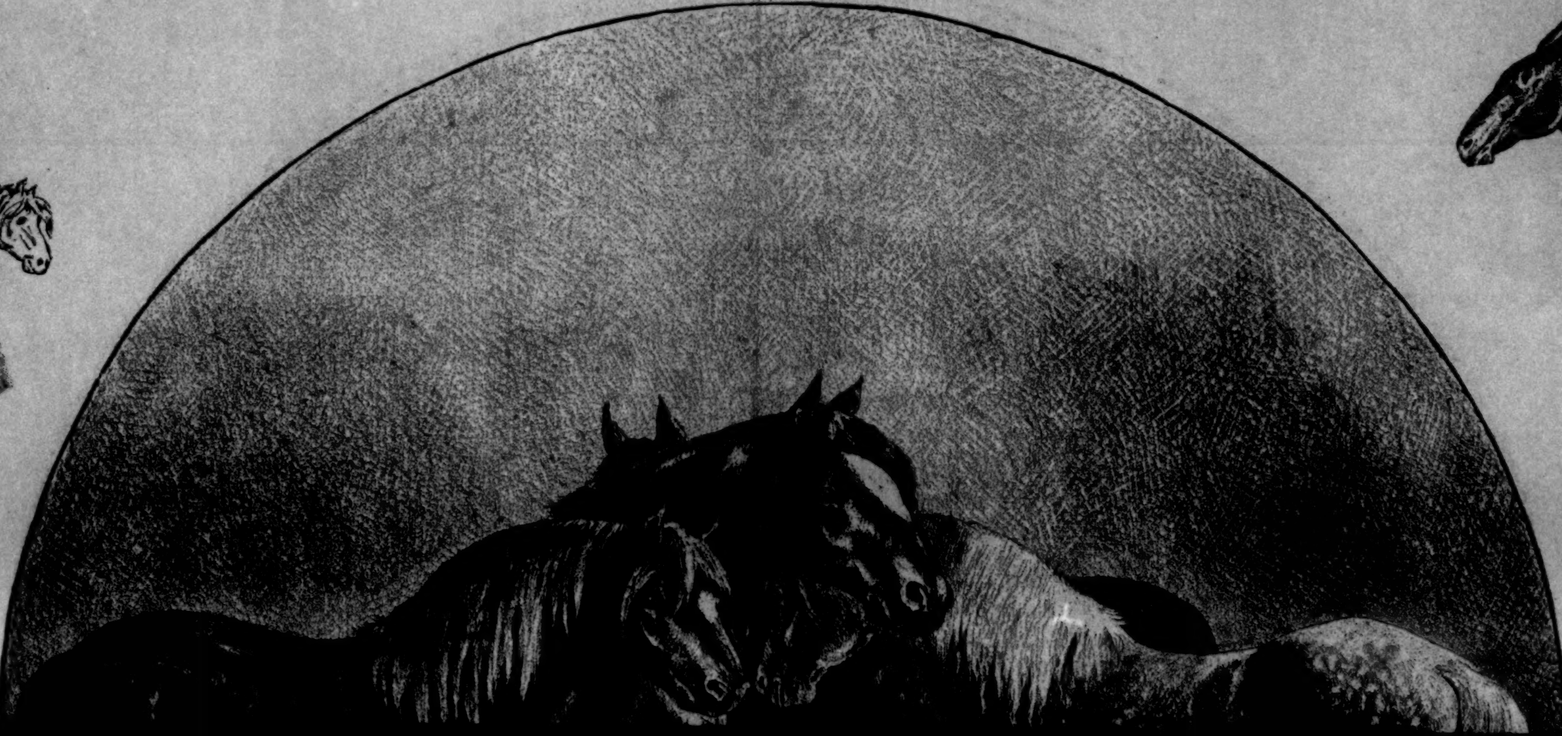
SADDLE-HORSE.

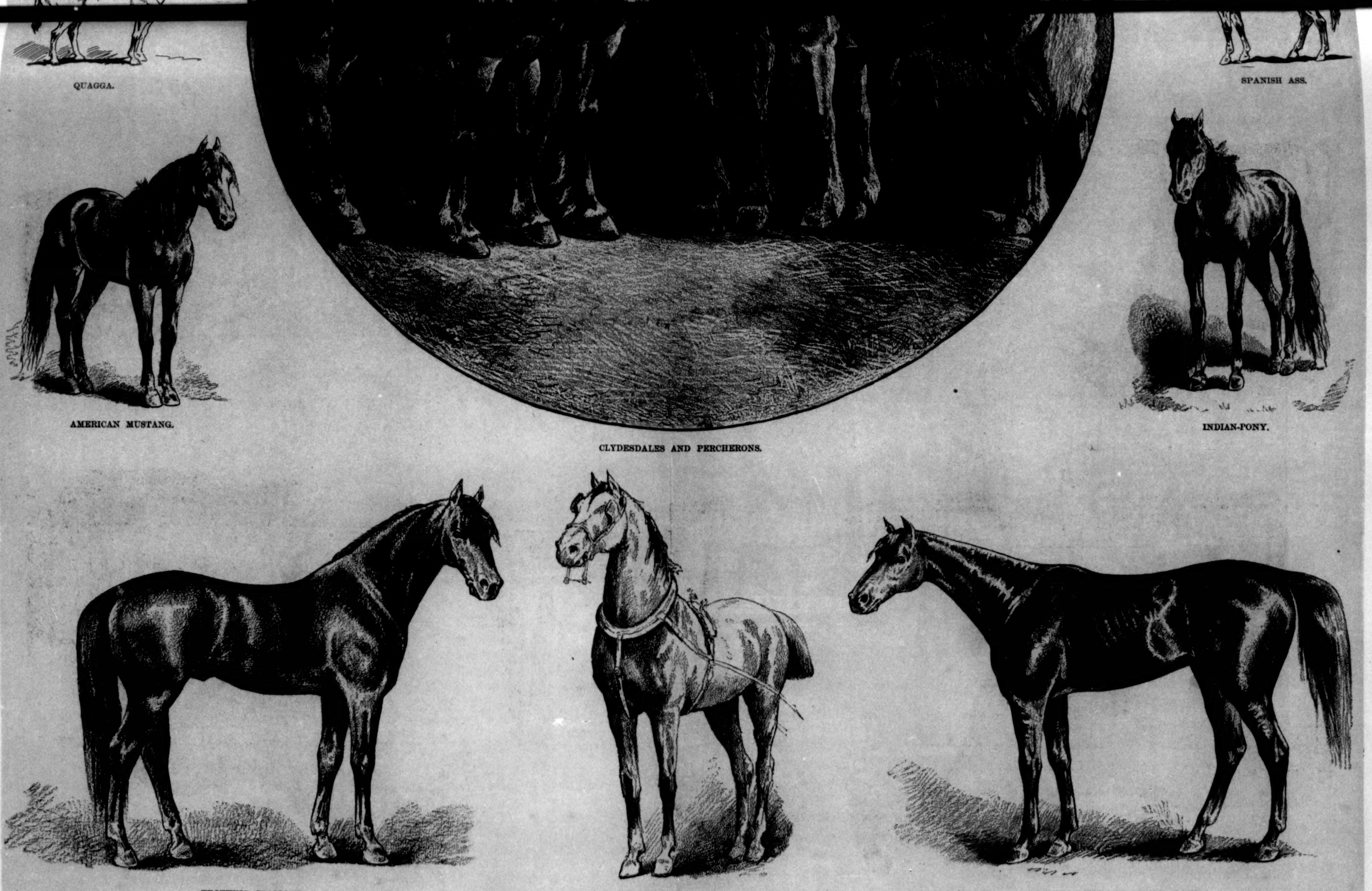


SHETLAND-PONIES.



KENTUCKY MULE.





QUAGGA.

SPANISH ASS.

AMERICAN MUSTANG.

CLYDESDALES AND PERCHERONS.

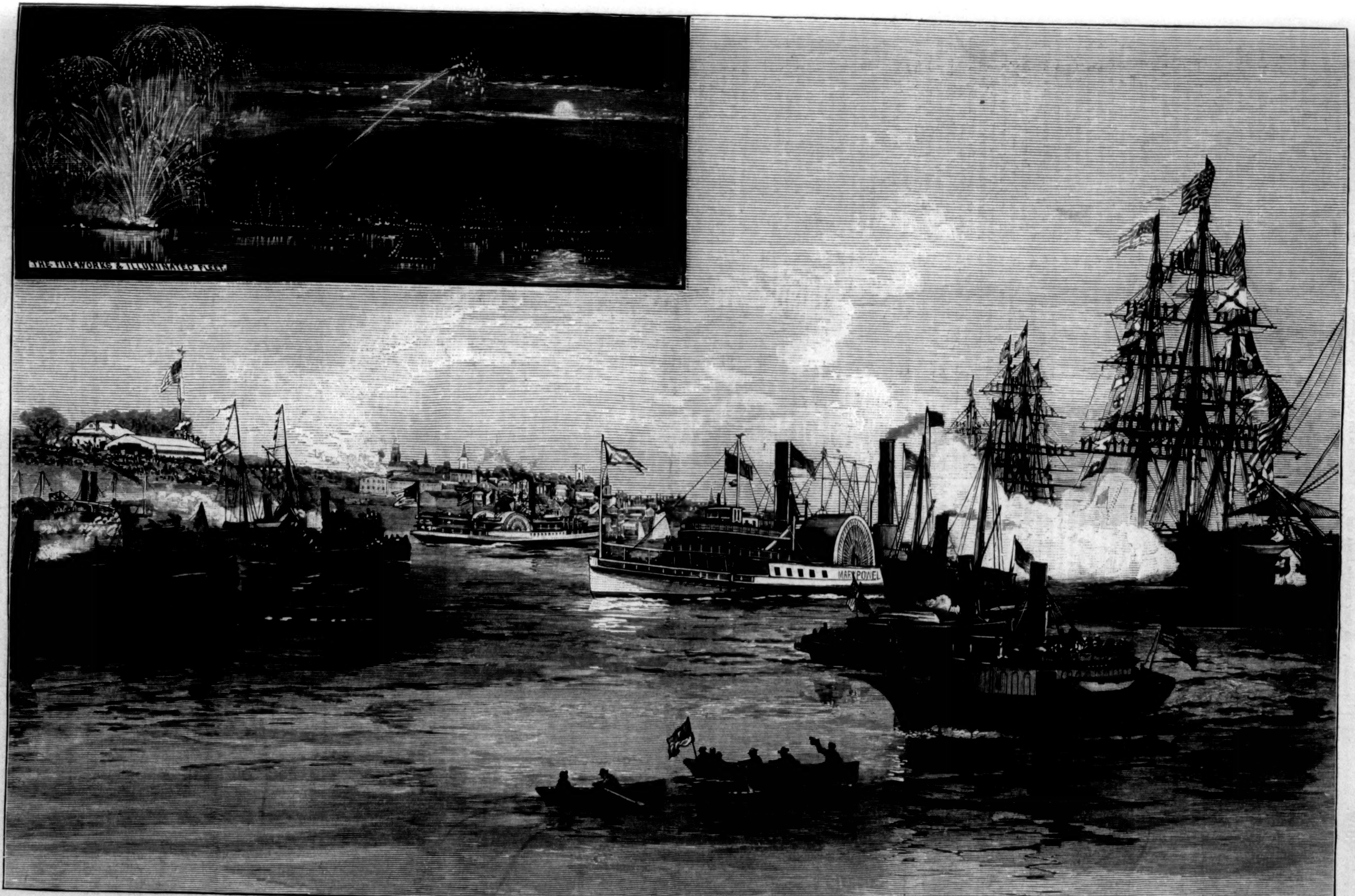
INDIAN-PONY.

TROTTING STALLION.

CLEVELAND BAY.

THOROUGH-BRED RACE MARE

SKETCHES AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 682.]


THE FIREWORKS & ILLUMINATED FLEET.
MARY POWEL

THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL—THE VIEW ON THE RIVER.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 679.]

THE FIRST NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

This week the Madison Square Garden is in part a stable, in part a steeple-chase course, and in part a race-track. Horses are neighing, pawing, running, jumping, or tearing around the track with a fire-engine, Shetland-ponies are shaking their bushy manes, the Arab looks haughtily down upon the mule, and the Syrian ass stubbornly refuses to move out of his stall. People who were last at the Garden during the dog show or circus will hardly recognize it. The track is still there, but the centre is covered with loam and tan. This is for the hunters. Here Postguard, who shares with Disturbance and Jim McGowan the honor of being one of the greatest steeple-chasers in the country, and the hunters may be seen taking their daily constitutional over the water-jump and hurdles. All the available space besides the rows of seats is taken up with stalls. In them you may find some of the magnificent animals you see daily on the streets, drawing immense loads; horses accustomed to move only in the best society, and seen only on Fifth Avenue, the Jerome Park sward, or at Newport in front of the turn-outs of Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Tysen, and Mrs. Neilson, of the Misses Heckscher, Miss Cheever, or Miss Courtwright; Rob and Roy, Dandy and Donald, familiar to all who have singled out Mr. W. P. Douglass's coach in the coaching parade; any number of the Normans, Percherons, and saddle-horses which but a few days ago were pacing or cantering up and down East Twenty-fourth Street in front of Ike Dahlman's stables, or favorites of the pupils at the up-town riding-schools. In one stall you will see two powerful animals near a brightly burnished fire-engine. They have bits in their mouths, turn only occasionally toward their cribs for hay, and then turn quickly again in the direction of the engine shaft, as though on the alert for a signal. Another part of the building will be found stacked full with bales of hay and bags of oats. All that is wanting is a miniature pasture for playful horses to roll on. When you are through with the tour of the stalls, and come in sight of the track again, you may see a mounted policeman in brand-new uniform, with glistening buttons, the metal harness trappings brightened up to the last degree of polish, making the dust fly, or another walking leisurely to and fro, his horse following him as he walks and turns. Perhaps the Syrian ass has graciously consented to leave his stall, so that the judges may compare him with the French donkey.

While in the stalls you may have seen some of the most famous horses in the country, you may see among the crowd some of the most famous sporting men. There are the Lorillard brothers, Mr. Pierre Lorillard's son Griswold (who is to inherit his stables, and perhaps those of his uncle, Mr. G. L. Lorillard), Mr. Withers, Mr. James R. Keene, General Grant, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, and among the well-known writers on the horse the veteran Elliot and "Krik."

The occasion of all this life is the first exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America.

In order to insure as large a display as possible, the Association has been very liberal in regard to charges for entry and accommodations. It was decided to levy a fine of ten dollars in case a horse entered for the show should not be exhibited, unless there was a valid excuse, such as the physician's certificate, with which the public has already become so familiar in the case of prime donne and tenori. The Association has also been very liberal in its offers of prizes, which amount to over eleven thousand dollars. The highest prize by the Association is two hundred and fifty dollars for the best and best-trained fire-engine horses, the prize to be in books or plate. For the best thorough-bred stallion, four years and over, it offers two hundred dollars, and the same for the best trotting stallion; and for the best coaching stallions, four years and over, one hundred and fifty dollars. Among prizes for draught-horses, one hundred dollars each are offered for the best Percheron and Clydesdale stallion, and the best heavy-draught stallion not pure Percheron or Clydesdale four years old or over. Of exhibitors of hunters the Association requires a certificate from some master of a pack of hounds that the horse has been regularly hunted. To this class belong the ladies' hunters, "qualified" and "green," which are ridden by ladies. Prizes of one hundred dollars each are also offered for Arabs, roadsters, horses-of-all-work, and saddle-horses, while a prize of seventy dollars is offered for ponies, of fifty dollars for the best horse and coupé, and of forty dollars for the best jack, jennet, or mule; and by Mr. J. G. Heckscher, to the best and best-trained police officer's horse, and best appointed and uniformed officer, one hundred dollars in money or plate. These and other prizes cover almost every familiar class of horses excepting licensed venders' horses. The Association, it seems to me, made a serious omission in not offering a prize for the "skinniest and boniest" licensed vender's horse, or one for the licensed vender's horse "which can best be utilized as a hat-and-cloak rack," or one for the "swiftest licensed vender's horse." These would have given a few humorous touches to our first national exhibition which no horse show has ever boasted. I doubt if any event would attract a greater crowd than a race between the horse of the man who sells oranges at thirteen for a quarter and the horse of the man who sells bananas at eight for a quarter.

Probably few of the visitors to the horse show bother their heads about the question whether or not the allusion in the sixth chapter of Genesis is to a horse or a mule, being in the former case the earliest written reference to the horse extant, or whether we must conclude from Jacob's remark concerning the horse and his rider that in his day already the horse was domesticated. Nor is it probable that the crowds who gather around the huge fire-engine horses, the Percherons, and Clydesdales, with their massive hoofs and powerful muscles, realize that during a remote epoch the horse was not as big as a fox, and boasted five toes to each foot instead of a hoof, that in the next epoch he was as big as a sheep, and had only four toes, and that he went on from age to age increasing in size, while the number of his toes diminished, until he attained his present size, and the toes on each foot were all consolidated into a hoof strong enough to sustain his weight. And I wonder if anybody standing amid that vast array of horses, and calling to mind the millions bred and now being bred in this country, can comprehend that there were no horses in the United States before 1527, when Cabeca da Vaca landed a few in Florida?

The popularity of the show with horse-owners and the public is due to the fact that both benefit by it. Annual horse shows will certainly stimulate breeders all over the country, and also raise the grade of horses, because the public, becoming acquainted through these shows with the points of a horse, will purchase with more and more discrimination. If the visitors to this show will follow the judges in decisions, they will come out much wiser than they entered. They can learn in a very short time that a horse with a full forehead is apt to be intelligent; with large nostrils, good winded; with a full, clear eye, gentle and even-tempered; that a horse "short above and long below," and with oblique shoulder-blades, can be relied on for speed; that a horse with an upright shoulder-blade is bad for the saddle, because there is no elasticity in his step, but good for heavy harness and draught. If a young fellow who looks like a greenhorn comes to a horse-dealer next week to purchase a horse, and insists that the length from the shoulder point to the back of the quarters shall be greater than the height at the withers, the dealer may know that the young fellow has been to the horse show.

The most novel feature to nearly all the visitors to the show is the exhibition of fire-engine horses. Being finely developed, intelligent, heavy draught-horses, they are beautiful to look at. Then the results of their training are interesting to watch. A loss of a second causing sometimes a loss of thousands of dollars, each captain whose engine is late at the fire has to give the cause of the delay in his report to the Fire Department. For this reason the companies have practiced hitching up until this can be effected in an extraordinarily short time. Exhibitions of hitching up are given three times a day at the show, viz., 10 A.M., 4 P.M., and 9 P.M. The stalls for the engine and horses are arranged like the ground-floor of the engine-houses. The harness is suspended on either side of the shaft by pulleys, the reins are clasped to a bit in the horse's mouth, the same current of electricity which sounds the gong unhitches the halters, the horses walk to the shaft, and the harness is dropped on to them—click! it is fastened, and away they gallop. Engine Company No. 24 has so far the best record, having hitched in a little over a second after the alarm began to sound, but it may be surpassed by some engine company at the show.

The most aristocratic horse in the show is undoubtedly Lindentree, the beautiful Arab of U. S. Grant, Jun. This magnificent stallion was presented to General Grant by the Sultan. He stands fifteen hands, is eight years old, and has a pedigree of several centuries. Coming of both noble sire and dam, he belongs to the highest breed, which the Arabs call El-Horr. The story runs that once Mohammed, to try the metal of his mares, had them locked up two days without water. When nearly mad with thirst they were let loose, and were rushing to the river, he ordered a charge sounded. Five mares obeyed the trumpet call, forgetting their thirst. The greatest Arabian horses are said to be descended from these mares. Like all fine Arabs, Lindentree has a remarkable width across the forehead, a finely cut muzzle, a sparkling eye, and a beautifully arched neck. It is noteworthy that the English and American thorough-breds owe their pre-eminence to Arabian blood, the best stock being descended from the famous Darley Arabian. It will be noticed that the thorough-breds at the show have a decidedly Arabian cast of feature, a finely set on neck, and ample quarters. Compare them with Lindentree, and the relationship is revealed in certain points, though the English and American thorough-bred has been greatly changed from the parent stock by climate and breeding, still retaining the Arab's staying powers, but surpassing him in speed. But if surpassed in speed, the Arab remains the gentleman among horses by reason of his grace, beauty, and gentleness, and his proneness to resent any offense. Lindentree is extremely gentle. He has a number of colts who promise to turn out fine trotters. Mr. Grant keeps him at the Merryweather Farm, near North Salem. General Beale's handsome Arab is also in the show.

I pass directly from Lindentree to the Percherons (see illustration), exhibited by Dahlman, because, curiously enough, the Percheron is said by some to come of Arab stock. But there is certainly no trace of the swift Arab in the strong, muscular, stalwart, heavy draught-horses among the Percherons at the show. If Arabian at all, they must be Arabian peasants. Yet the claim that they were descended from Arabs captured by Charles Martel when he defeated the Saracens is persistently made. Their color—gray—is urged in support of this theory. But Arabs may be black and chestnut as well as gray. The Percheron, usually from fifteen to sixteen hands high, forms a magnificent picture of power in repose as he stands in his stall. His ancestors gained those splendid muscles and open nostrils carrying heavily armored knights. He is now very mild and laborious. The Percheron, though a distinct breed coming from the old division of Perche, in the northwest of France, is often confounded with the Norman. But there is a difference. The Norman makes a capital farm-horse. The Percheron is his superior in speed, looks, brains, and endurance.

The Clydesdales, another order of heavy draught-horses, attract attention by their magnificent appearance. To some their legs may appear rather short, but they are deceptive, owing to the length of the horse, which usually takes long strides. It is said that Clydesdales can draw heavier loads in single-harness carts than any horse from any other class of heavy draught. But the most superb horses for heavy loads are the Clevelands, no matter what is said of the Clydesdales. Clevelands have been known to draw seven hundred pounds sixty miles in twenty-four hours, and nine hundred and ten pounds a distance of three miles. The Shetland-pony, which is the smallest variety of the British horse, is as strong in proportion as the heaviest dray-horse.

Trotting being essentially an American sport, a word should be said about the trotters. Those at the show, like the vast number of American trotters, can be traced back to two horses—imported Messenger and Justin Morgan. Hambletonian, the founder of the famous breed of that name, is a son of Messenger, and Messenger arrived here in 1788. This horse's value to the country can not be estimated by hundreds of millions of dollars. Justin Morgan's sire was ridden by General Delancey during the Revolution. It is noteworthy that none of the trotters bred from wild horses have come up to the descendants of Messenger and Morgan.

Showing all these classes and others of interest, giving the public a chance to see those horses which boast of speed in full motion on the track or over the course, stimulating breeders and educating the public, the horse show must be put down a great success—so great that it may be looked forward to as an annual event. Its promoters are to be heartily congratulated.

Gustav Kobbé.

TOM KILROY.

Romance is generally thought to dwell in exceptions and extremes, but every-day life has its full share of heroes, of tragic or of chivalrous story. Tom Kilroy's youth knew no exceptional circumstances. His father was a master-mason, steady and industrious; his mother loved him with that sober, wise affection which keeps strict guard over lessons and clothes; he was, in short, one of those numberless sons of respectable mechanics who keep the public schools busy in their youth, and are kept busy by the world all their life afterward.

Tom had been destined almost from his cradle to learn his father's trade. His elder brothers were carpenters and builders. Mason-work would dovetail naturally in with wood-work, and the brothers would thus be enabled to throw many a profitable job into each other's hands. There was no disposition in Tom to quarrel with this destiny; the limit of his ambition was to be a good tradesman, and marry the girl of his choice. He had not even settled on the girl yet, and the pleasing latitude and uncertainty he allowed himself in this matter was the one bit of romance that leavened Tom's life at nineteen.

Evidently here was a very common lad in very common circumstances, and yet there was even then in his possession a single advantage which might disarrange the steadiest and most uneventful of plans: Tom was exceedingly handsome—that is, he was going to be. Just at that age he was freckled and immature, managed his great frame awkwardly, and was shy in consequence.

But, after all, it was Tom's inches, and his bright, handsome face, crowned with short brown curly hair, that prevented him taking permanently to bricks and mortar. Old Kilroy had a job of work to do for the great importing firm of Scott & Donaldson, and one day while Tom was laying bricks and whistling with a great deal of spirit "The Garb of Old Gaul," Alexander Scott took a liking to him.

Men do take these impulsive likings just as readily as women do, and for the most part they consider themselves at liberty to indulge them. At any rate, Mr. Scott did. He had a talk with young Tom, and liked him better still, and then had a talk with Tom's father, which resulted in Tom's throwing down the trowel, and taking a desk in the outer counting-room of the great firm.

The Kilroys were modestly proud of the change. The elder boys going off to work with their tools and the younger ones with their books were still very fine fellows in the mother's eyes; but Tom in a stylish business suit, with kid gloves on his hands, and a cigar in his mouth, did them a loftier kind of credit. All of them felt this, and the carpenter remarked one morning, as they watched him down the avenue a block: "All right, mother. It is a poor family that can't have one gentleman—isn't it?"

No one doubted that it was "all right." Tom gradually became the oracle of his father's house. Why not? He spent his days among grave, wealthy men, among great interests and great trusts, and unavoidably he got the air and assumed the tone of the wealthy classes. In the course of two years he was cautiously promoted, but he was trusted even beyond his position. Mr. Scott's liking, though progressing at a careful rate, still kept steadily increasing. He had said often during these two years that "Tom Kilroy was a little uncommon," and Alexander Scott was always ready to maintain what he had once said.

In the method incidental to a New York business life time passes rapidly. Tom's life went on as the clock does for the next four years, but in them Time gave everything and took nothing from him. His splendid physical beauty had matured, and his business aptitudes had been thoroughly developed. Even John Donaldson, who had always smiled at his partner's fancy for the "young mason," at length admitted that "Kilroy was a fine fellow, and would do the firm credit."

It was just after this admission from Mr. Donaldson, and a hot, glowing day in early July, Tom, busy among sundry bales and boxes, heard Mr. Scott call him. When he answered the summons, he found the senior partner in a very anxious and perplexed mood.

"Mr. Kilroy," he said, hesitatingly, "I can not go home, as I intended, to-night, and it may even happen that I shall have to go to Liverpool by the next steamer. What I want now is that you should take my usual train, and carry Mrs. Scott this letter."

"Very well, sir; how soon shall I leave?"

"You have fifteen minutes to catch it."

So in fifteen minutes Tom was at the Erie depot. He obeyed the order as he would any other order from Mr. Scott, but it did not much please him. He had half an engagement with a very pretty girl for Thomas's Gardens that night, and he liked strawberries and roses with city accompaniments better than in their native simplicity.

He was in a severely gentlemanly temper when he stood on the platform of the little Jersey depot. There was the usual gathering of buggies and light wagons, and he looked round for Mr. Scott's: which that gentleman had described to him as "a nice little turn-out with a pretty team of grays."

The only vehicle answering to this description was driven by a lady—a very lovely lady indeed, who peered among the crowd with a wistful, anxious face. Tom took heart of grace, and with his very best bow and smile, made some inquiry or remark, the only intelligible words of which were, "Mr. Scott."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, blushing, and handling the reins rather unnecessarily, "I came to meet papa, and you say he is not coming. And you have a letter? Will you allow me to drive you to the house?"

Tom was obliged to allow himself to be driven. He knew nothing about horses, and he was exceedingly mortified at his ignorance. But even ignorance has compensations. His perfect idleness gave him leisure to watch his driver's pretty motions; to note all the changes of her face, and all the coaxing intonations with which she flattered and encouraged the "pretty team of grays." He had literally *fallen in love* without being at all aware of the plunge he had taken; for the sensation was so charming it was hardly likely he would pause to analyze the feeling.

Mrs. Scott was quite aware of Mr. Kilroy's antecedents and position, but women never weigh very handsome men in the same exact balances as they do ugly ones. There was a very charming tea, during which Tom got as far in Mrs. Scott's favor as he had got with Mr. Scott in four years. So far, indeed, that when she retired to the library to answer her husband's letter, she left Mr. Kilroy to be entertained by her daughter Alice.

Did she remember what a dangerous entertainment wandering through the scented shrubs in the twilight garden was? When Alice's fingers touched Tom's among the strawberry vines, did she calculate the result? Or had she no fear of the bewitching summer moon that saw these two sitting in sweetest silence beneath the drooping honeysuckles on the piazza?

Perhaps her letter had given her other material for anxiety. She did not seem to think of Tom and Alice, and Tom was glad of it. He wished this night could last forever. He went back to town in a kind of intoxication. Alice gave him a jasmine spray at parting; and this young Romeo of the counting-house was just as foolish about a flower as any lover, either before or since the flood, has ever been.

He had no plan about Alice, but his stars planned for him. Mr. Scott went to Liverpool by the next steamer, and for six weeks, on every Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kilroy went out to Mrs. Scott's with a certain sum of money from the firm, and often certain commissions in books and dry-goods with which the firm had no particular concern. In these six weeks love grew, both on Tom's and Alice's part, to perfect stature.

But this delicious dream of youth had here a rapid awakening. In six weeks Mr. Scott returned, and then the pleasant necessity for Tom's weekly visits ceased. Mr. Scott never alluded to them, and it rather nettled the handsome lover that his prospective mother-in-law seemed to have completely forgotten them. There was, however, some consolation in Alice's letters, and in her assurances of unalterable affection, and for a short time these satisfied him.

But at length, after a somewhat injured reflection on the matter, he resolved to speak to Mr. Scott. Youth, in its strength and beauty and boundless hope, is so apt to consider all things as its own that some excuse may be made for the slight tone of self-assertion in which Tom ventured one evening on his confession.

Mr. Scott heard it with perfect gravity and politeness. "You have, of course, done my daughter the greatest honor any man is capable of, Mr. Kilroy," he said, suavely, as he turned the paper-cutter over and over on his desk. "May I ask if you still reside with your parents?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Tom, feeling a momentary flush of shame as he thought of the plain little two-story brick house in a down-town street.

"And where or how do you propose to live when you are married?"

Tom frankly confessed that he had not thought of that subject; but he evidently had the usual faith in love and cottages.

Mr. Scott rose with the air of a man finishing a discussion. "Mr. Kilroy, I am obliged to you for your honesty. I will be equally plain with you. Business affairs have not gone well with me lately. I have been thinking all day of retrenchment; you and Frank Maybin will either have to leave your desks or retain them at very much reduced salaries. I am sure you love Alice too well to subject her to poverty. It is true, I have always intended to give her a fortune, but then no man of honor would ask her hand, under such circumstances, unless he was able to count at least dollar for dollar with her. Your business talents are exceptionally good: I expect to see you worth a million, but when you are worth fifty thousand of it I will cheerfully consider your proposal."

He said a polite "Good-night" as he left the office, a courtesy which Tom found himself quite unable to return. If the man had been angry and uttered all kinds of hard words, Tom could have borne it better. He had a salary of one hundred dollars a month; if he was to wait for Alice until he was worth fifty thousand, the probabilities were hardly worth counting. Besides, there was that covert threat of dismissal. That would never do: he must resign his desk voluntarily. He saw very well that Mr. Scott would never like him again, and Tom's open, candid nature instinctively dreaded a dislike which would veil itself under polite forms and "disagreeable necessities."

He was so excited that he could not endure the tedium of the street cars; he got out of them, and walked rapidly up Broadway until he struck Eighth Street. He generally crossed to the east side of the city by this route, and he took it naturally, but at the Cooper Institute reading-room he paused a moment. He had not yet thought of what he should say to his father and brothers. He went upstairs and drew a paper toward him; he had no idea of reading, but he wished to think without attracting observation.

Vacantly at first his eyes wandered over it, but at length he began to read with a curious avidity. He followed a certain column to its close, read it again and again, and then looked at the heading of the paper. It was the *Rocky Mountain News*. In those few minutes Tom had been inoculated with the gold fever, and he was sure that he now saw a clear and sure road to Alice. True, it might be a rough one, but all the same he was quite determined to take it. He was only impatient now of delay, and he entered the little homely sitting-room as elated and positive as if the Rocky Mountains were somewhere on the line of street cars, and *his mine* as perfectly localized as the United States Mint.

"I am going to the Rocky Mountains, father," he said, with that impetuosity which often characterizes enterprises about whose wisdom we are doubtful.

"You have been in some very queer place already to-night, Tom, to make you talk in such a daft-like manner."

His brothers looked curiously into Tom's face, while the women-folks present paused in the midst of their chatter and work for the same purpose. The men evidently thought Tom had been drinking; the women divined at once his absolute sincerity. The pause was followed by a long and angry discussion, in which there was no lack of hard words, but the end had been determined in Tom's mind before it began, and in a week's time he found himself crossing the dreary plains which guard the approaches to the treasure-houses of the mountains.

But alas! Tom soon found that the keys to these treasure-houses were cunningly hidden from him. His industry and business tact were of no avail here. Labor led to nothing, and simple luck seemed to laugh science and probabilities to scorn. Yet though he had no luck, it was curious to see how the mine madness ruled him. He knew men who had searched for ten and even twenty years, and then found in a moment millions of treasure. He knew a man who had wandered over Nevada, and sifted the Black Hills for nothing, and then just stumbled over a Rocky Mountain silver mine that had made him a modern Crœsus. Such tales were in every camp, and in hunger, cold, and wretchedness of every kind they kept Tom's courage high.

Yes, though he was locked up in those dreary fastnesses, and heard only at long intervals of the world outside them. In fact, the outside world after the first two years had little interest for him. He had not written home at first, partly because "his head was under water," and partly because it was really a difficult matter to post a letter, and still more difficult to get at the reply; and then gradually his whole being became absorbed in one idea. The mountains held him in their spell, and he knew that nothing but the discovery of some rich lode would break it.

One night, after four years of this strange life, he met a little party in the Platte Cañon who had lost their way, and were in the greatest extremities. Tom guided them back to safety, and made a warm friend of their leader—so warm that the man offered him a share in a large smelting and assaying work which he was going to establish near the Silverton Mines. Tom happened to be unusually hard up, with a long winter before him, and he accepted the offer. Of course he told himself that just as soon as the snows melted he should begin his "prospecting" again; but he never did.

In the stir, bustle, and method incident to the conduct of a great work, his old business habits re-asserted their power. He found himself making money so rapidly that he resolved to go on making and saving until he could *buy a mine*, for to be the possessor of a veritable gold or silver mine still charmed and ruled his imagination.

Thus the years went by. Few people would have recognized in the stalwart, bronzed, bearded man, clothed in leather and flannel, the once stylishly dressed and scrupulously shaved and gloved member of the great firm of Scott & Donaldson, Water Street, New York. For full ten years had passed away, and though Tom was only thirty-three, he looked and felt a great deal older.

Sometimes now, also, when he counted up his balance in Golden City Bank, he began to think of his old life, and to have sudden yearnings which made him turn his face lovingly eastward. But the gyves of great trusts were upon his hands, and the spell of money-making on his heart; he stirred, indeed, occasionally under the nightmare, but his memories were not powerful enough to thoroughly arouse him.

It happened that in his tenth summer his partner went East to bring home a daughter whom he had left there at school, and his return was quite an event to Tom. This man had walked Broadway within a week, and had brought back with him the flavor and the very language of the place. Tom had not guessed how dear his native city was to him until one familiar name after another unlocked all the wards of memory, and a passionate longing for the old scenes and haunts, the old loves and friendships, seized him.

"John Amboy," he said, "I must take a run East for a few weeks. There is very little quartz in the mill, and the books are up to date. I've got the home fever, John, bad. I think I'll start to-morrow."

So in a few days Tom Kilroy stood at the foot of Chambers Street, wondering if he should go home without warning; wondering, indeed, whether he had any home. Yes, there it stood, just as he had left it, the little red brick house with its bright green blinds outside. But inside there had been changes. His father was dead, his elder brothers married, and the little sister he had left in short dresses just going to be. But love is always the same, and these simple souls made a great festival over their returned wanderer, without once asking whether he had saved a respectable sum, or come home with empty pockets.

Sitting alone with his mother that night, he at length ventured on an inquiry very near his heart.

"Where is Alice Scott now, mother?"

"I don't know, Tom. Things have changed for her."

"She is married, then?"

"That is past my telling. I have heard nothing at all about her for eight years—never since her father failed. They went somewhere up the river to live. I saw her mother's death in the papers soon after."

It was a great tragedy in a few words—failure, poverty, death, and isolation. Tom's reveries were not devoid of remorse that night, but the next day he started out early to do what his heart told him ought to have been done years ago.

It was not hard to find Mr. Scott's retreat, and he came upon it just at noon. Mr. Scot was leaning over the little wooden gate, looking listlessly down the long dusty lane, and he readily entered into conversation. Tom was smitten with pity at the change in his old patron. He had sunk to very small interests, and talked now of his little patch of corn, his couple of cows, and his eggs and chickens as he had once talked of richly laden barks, and bills of lading, and checks, and balances. Then Tom led him on to speak of his old business, and he was glad to see that the merchant instantly asserted himself. "He must be taken out of this," thought Tom, and he asked himself to dinner.

He entered the house with a beating heart. Would Alice be there? Would she know him? Mr. Scott had not suspected who he was, but Alice ought to have keener eyes. She was laying a very humble table for two as they entered, and after a glance and a movement of courtesy she went calmly on with her household duties.

Tom had a good opportunity for observing how much changed she was, but it was a change that soothed and pleased him. Her figure, her movements, her sweet quiet face, her neat dress—nothing escaped him; and she was fairer in his eyes than she had been even in that enchanted hour when she had first driven him from the little Jersey depot.

They sat opposite to each other at table, and when he answered her first inquiry, she looked eagerly at him, but Tom suddenly lowered his eyes. In a moment, however, the truth flashed across her heart, and in a scarcely articulate voice she cried out, "*Oh, Tom! oh, my dear Tom!*"

Then Tom was by her side, kissing her cheeks and lips and hands, and whispering, nobody knew what, between his kisses. Mr. Scott had risen at once, and was supporting himself on the back of his chair, hardly able to understand the good fortune that had come to him, until Tom said:

"You promised me Alice, sir, when I had made fifty thousand dollars. I am worth nearly nine hundred thousand to-day; will that do?"

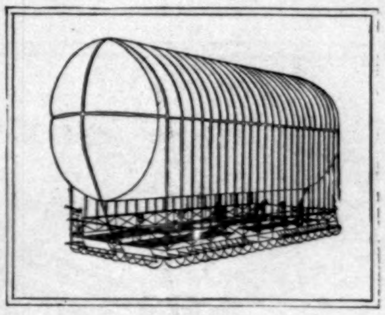
"Good gracious, Mr. Kilroy!" and the old man sank into his chair, and covered his eyes with his browned hands.

There was only a beefsteak and some potatoes and a cup of coffee at that betrothal feast, but it was a wonderful one, and after it there was a business talk in the garden, which made a new man of Mr. Scott. For Tom was bent on refounding the old firm under the name of "Scott & Kilroy," and though there was necessarily some delay, a million of money can work miracles, and before many months were over the senior partner of the new firm was exercising again all his old authority and business acumen.

For Tom remembers his father-in-law's claims, and has forgotten no word of that kindness which altered his whole destiny when a mason lad, and which for many years encouraged and rewarded his youthful efforts.

Tom's youngest brother occupies Tom's old position in the house now; but it is not likely that he will follow Tom's footsteps westward; for whenever Tom hears him talking of his big brother's "good luck" in the mines, he always says:

"Easy—easy, Harry; Good luck needs good looking after; and gold is easier *made* than *found*."



RITCHEL'S AIR SHIP.

A NEW AEROSTAT.

It was Scaliger, to the best of our recollection, who thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries. The practical utility of people who believe that they have solved the problem of aerial navigation is not as yet quite so clear as that of lexicographers, although when we go to Chicago by balloon, or, more properly, when we are able to get away from Chicago by balloon, we shall no doubt be invoking the blessing of Scaliger upon the series of experimenters who have made that result possible.

The cause of aeronautics has not advanced in proportion to the labor expended on it. The other day it was cabled as a surprising feat that an aeronaut had crossed the British Channel in a balloon, whereas that same feat was performed almost a century ago, in January, 1785, namely, by Blanchard and Jeffries, less than two years after the first ascension in a balloon had been made (October, 1783), by a person who was afterward killed in an attempt to cross the Channel, and not much more after the Montgolfiers had discovered that a light bag with the open end down would rise if a fire were built under it. The first crossing was in "the infancy of aeronautics," and we are in the infancy of aeronautics still. Although the intervening century has been the most fruitful in mechanical successes of any the world has seen, no real progress has been made. The vision in which the laureate

> Saw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,"

remains hitherto all in the laureate's eye. Nevertheless the problem has been so successfully solved by birds, with a cubical capacity of brain pan infinitesimal compared with that of man, that it is no wonder it should continue to provoke the ingenuity of inventive and unfeathered bipeds.

Mr. C. F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is the latest of the inventors into whose hearts it has been put to solve the problem, although his efforts appear to be rather toward aerostatics than toward aeronautics—to enable a man to hover rather than to fly. However, the successful solution of the problem of aerostation would take us a long way toward flight. The great need of the aerostat has been a tissue light and not transpirable, which will retain his gas in an efficacious state without destroying the buoyancy of the balloon in a few hours by leakage. Mr. Ritchel uses for his balloon, which is a cylindrical reservoir of gas, Scotch gingham coated with rubber and sulphur. For this composition he claims the advantage that it will not rot the balloon as the ordinary coating of boiled linseed-oil does by generating an acid that eats the vegetable fibres. The composition in this case is pressed into the fibre with heated rollers, and then vulcanized.

The balloon—that is to say, the cylinder—is 85 feet long by 35 in diameter, and has thus a capacity of 81,000 feet of gas. Pure hydrogen gas having a lifting capacity of seventy pounds to the thousand feet, this cylinder is expected to carry a load of 5670 pounds. The weight of the cylinder itself is 1200 pounds, of the frame and machinery 1500, of the ballast (water) 600, and fifteen men, crew and passengers, are estimated for at the low average of 120 pounds each, making the total weight 5100 pounds. The fans, four in number, are three feet in diameter, with their blades set at an angle of thirty degrees from a horizontal plane.

There are no valves in the cylinder. Reliance is placed for lowering the balloon upon the fans, which are to be worked by two men at each wheel, and, for raising it, upon a series of shutters under the car, worked by a lever within the car, so as to open out like a parachute, or rather like a brake, so as to slacken motion in either direction by increasing the area of resistance. The inventor believes that the material employed in the balloon will enable him to retain his supply of gas much longer than has hitherto been possible. The ballast is meant only to compensate for the loss of gas by decomposition or leakage, the latter being reduced to a minimum.

It must be owned that this looks a good deal like an undertaking that a man shall not merely lift himself, but soar, by tugging at his waistband; but Mr. Ritchel avers that by applying the principle used in the construction of his air ship a man weighing ninety-six pounds raised fourteen pounds of shot to the ceiling of a room every half-hour, working a fan of fourteen inches diameter, making 2000 revolutions a minute. But the fan is intended to be used to lower the machine only, the lifting power of the gas being virtually a constant quantity. This is a step beyond Archimedes, who required a place to stand as a condition precedent to moving the world.

FLY-CASTERS' TOURNAMENT.

At the Harlem Mere, that bit of water at the upper extremity of Central Park, the fisherman's contest of the Rod and Reel Association was held on the 16th and 17th of this month. There can be no prettier locality than this smooth sheet of water. The difficulties of entangling lines from branches of trees or the want of standing ground for casting may not exist on the Harlem Mere in the same degree as under natural circumstances, but for all practical purposes the place chosen is an excellent one. With few exceptions, all the most celebrated of American anglers were present, and conspicuous was Mr. Reuben Wood, the gentleman chosen by the United States Fish Commission to represent American skill with the rod and line at the present International Fishery Exhibition in London. The following were the contests, for which handsome prizes were awarded, the provisions in certain cases limiting the weight of rods and their lengths, with no permits of entry to those who fished for a living, who were guides, or engaged in the manufacture or sale of fishing implements. Class A was for amateurs, without limitation as to weight of rods, and was handsomely won by Mr. H. C. Thorne, with an eight-and-a-half-ounce rod, who made a cast of 80 feet, with a high average of points for delicacy and accuracy.

In the amateur class B, with rods not to weigh more than nine ounces, Mr. W. E. Hendrix was first, with a cast of 78 feet. In the C class of amateurs, which allowed all lengths of rods, indifferent as to weight, Thomas Pritchard won, with a cast of 80 feet 3 inches. Class D was one which excited most attention on the first day, as it was to be contested for by known experts, rods not to exceed eleven feet nor to weigh more than five ounces. The winner was Mr. H. W. Hawes, who made a famous throw last year, but who beat his record this season by three feet, the total measurement of his skill in throwing the delicate line being 85 feet. This day, the 16th, was exclusively devoted to such graceful fly-casting as is appropriate to trout fishing. On the 17th, which was a very serene day, expectations were at their highest pitch, as all the circumstances were best adapted to such line-throwing as is employed for salmon and bass fishing. The first contest was for amateurs who had fished for salmon, subject to the rules governing the amateur entries, rods not to exceed eighteen feet in length, both hands to be used if desired, with only one fly. The same points, twenty-five each, as in the light fly-casting, being allowed as a maximum for delicacy and accuracy.

The contest between Ira Wood and E. Eggert was a fine one, and was won by Wood, his cast measuring 134 feet, delicacy being 20, and accuracy 16. For the class 11, under the same rules as the first, distance only being counted, there were eight entries. This was won by Mr. Reuben L. Pritchard, his cast being 124 feet, and Mr. H. W. Hawes's throw being 115 feet. Last year Mr. Hawes won with 116 feet. As this gentleman was ill, this may account for a lesser cast this season. For the bass casting there was a very numerous attendance. The difficulty in this match is to throw the line out straight, in a lane of water the width of which is marked by buoy lines. Each contestant was allowed five casts, only those within the lane to be counted. There were three entries in this match—Messrs. J. A. Roosevelt, E. Vom Hofe, and William Murray. It was easily won by Mr. Roosevelt, whose sinker flew out with his best cast a distance of 165 feet, all his throws being more than 155 feet. For light bass casting, the rods being the same, but the sinkers to weigh one and a half ounces, there were five entries, Mr. H. W. Hawes coming first, with a total of 504 points, winning, however, only by two points, Mr. W. Murray scoring 502. Mr. Hawes's average was the best, though his adversary made one cast of 115 feet; the differences between the two in the total casts being, for Mr. Hawes 100.4.5, and for Mr. Murray 100.2.5. For the final contest, single-handed fly-casting, rods not to exceed eleven feet six inches, distances only to count, Mr. R. C. Leonard was first, with a throw of 87 feet, two feet more than the next best, Mr. H. W. Hawes. The progress made in fly-casting is not only as to distance, but accuracy, and is due not alone to increased skill, but to the excellence of American rods and reels.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

The largest auditorium in the world is that which was occupied by the paying public for the first time on Monday night. The fact of its unusual size, with the usual lines of a theatre, which are graceful if they meet their practical purposes, would alone make the interior of the Opera-house impressive. But the new house would be impressive, even if it were on a much smaller scale, by the decorative treatment of the interior. The five tiers—three of boxes and two of galleries—"swing round the circle" in a very graceful curve, and the light and bright decoration of the fronts—all in ivory white and gold—and the gold-tinted upholstery of the boxes give the place a very festal aspect, even without the presence of the resplendent evening toilets, which is the picture of which the interior architecture is but the setting.

The stage-picture is to most habitual opera-goers rather a subordinate matter. The habitual opera-goer goes not to see the opera, but to see the other habitual opera-goer, and looks with pity, not untinctured with contempt, upon the countryman who abides in the parquette or the family circle, according to his means, and goes to listen to the music and to look at the stage. Some have inferred from the fact that seventy sub-

THE FIRST NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

This week the Madison Square Garden is in part a stable, in part a steeple-chase course, and in part a race-track. Horses are neighing, pawing, running, jumping, or tearing around the track with a fire-engine, Shetland-ponies are shaking their bushy manes, the Arab looks haughtily down upon the mule, and the Syrian ass stubbornly refuses to move out of his stall. People who were last at the Garden during the dog show or circus will hardly recognize it. The track is still there, but the centre is covered with loam and tan. This is for the hunters. Here Postguard, who shares with Disturbance and Jim McGowan the honor of being one of the greatest steeple-chasers in the country, and the hunters may be seen taking their daily constitutional over the water-jump and hurdles. All the available space besides the rows of seats is taken up with stalls. In them you may find some of the magnificent animals you see daily on the streets, drawing immense loads; horses accustomed to move only in the best society, and seen only on Fifth Avenue, the Jerome Park sward, or at Newport in front of the turn-outs of Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Tysen, and Mrs. Neilson, of the Misses Heckscher, Miss Cheever, or Miss Courtwright; Rob and Roy, Dandy and Donald, familiar to all who have singled out Mr. W. P. Douglass's coach in the coaching parade; any number of the Normans, Percherons, and saddle-horses which but a few days ago were pacing or cantering up and down East Twenty-fourth Street in front of Ike Dahlman's stables, or favorites of the pupils at the up-town riding-schools. In one stall you will see two powerful animals near a brightly burnished fire-engine. They have bits in their mouths, turn only occasionally toward their cribs for hay, and then turn quickly again in the direction of the engine shaft, as though on the alert for a signal. Another part of the building will be found stacked full with bales of hay and bags of oats. All that is wanting is a miniature pasture for playful horses to roll on. When you are through with the tour of the stalls, and come in sight of the track again, you may see a mounted policeman in brand-new uniform, with glistening buttons, the metal harness trappings brightened up to the last degree of polish, making the dust fly, or another walking leisurely to and fro, his horse following him as he walks and turns. Perhaps the Syrian ass has graciously consented to leave his stall, so that the judges may compare him with the French donkey.

While in the stalls you may have seen some of the most famous horses in the country, you may see among the crowd some of the most famous sporting men. There are the Lorillard brothers, Mr. Pierre Lorillard's son Griswold (who is to inherit his stables, and perhaps those of his uncle, Mr. G. L. Lorillard), Mr. Withers, Mr. James R. Keene, General Grant, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, and among the well-known writers on the horse the veteran Elliot and "Krik."

The occasion of all this life is the first exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America.

In order to insure as large a display as possible, the Association has been very liberal in regard to charges for entry and accommodations. It was decided to levy a fine of ten dollars in case a horse entered for the show should not be exhibited, unless there was a valid excuse, such as the physician's certificate, with which the public has already become so familiar in the case of prime donne and tenori. The Association has also been very liberal in its offers of prizes, which amount to over eleven thousand dollars. The highest prize by the Association is two hundred and fifty dollars for the best and best-trained fire-engine horses, the prize to be in books or plate. For the best thorough-bred stallion, four years and over, it offers two hundred dollars, and the same for the best trotting stallion; and for the best coaching stallions, four years and over, one hundred and fifty dollars. Among prizes for draught-horses, one hundred dollars each are offered for the best Percheron and Clydesdale stallion, and the best heavy-draught stallion not pure Percheron or Clydesdale four years old or over. Of exhibitors of hunters the Association requires a certificate from some master of a pack of hounds that the horse has been regularly hunted. To this class belong the ladies' hunters, "qualified" and "green," which are ridden by ladies. Prizes of one hundred dollars each are also offered for Arabs, roadsters, horses-of-all-work, and saddle-horses, while a prize of seventy dollars is offered for ponies, of fifty dollars for the best horse and coupé, and of forty dollars for the best jack, jennet, or mule; and by Mr. J. G. Heckscher, to the best and best-trained police officer's horse, and best appointed and uniformed officer, one hundred dollars in money or plate. These and other prizes cover almost every familiar class of horses excepting licensed venders' horses. The Association, it seems to me, made a serious omission in not offering a prize for the "skinniest and boniest" licensed vender's horse, or one for the licensed vender's horse "which can best be utilized as a hat-and-cloak rack," or one for the "swiftest licensed vender's horse." These would have given a few humorous touches to our first national exhibition which no horse show has ever boasted. I doubt if any event would attract a greater crowd than a race between the horse of the man who sells oranges at thirteen for a quarter and the horse of the man who sells bananas at eight for a quarter.

Probably few of the visitors to the horse show bother their heads about the question whether or not the allusion in the sixth chapter of Genesis is to a horse or a mule, being in the former case the earliest written reference to the horse extant, or whether we must conclude from Jacob's remark concerning the horse and his rider that in his day already the horse was domesticated. Nor is it probable that the crowds who gather around the huge fire-engine horses, the Percherons, and Clydesdales, with their massive hoofs and powerful muscles, realize that during a remote epoch the horse was not as big as a fox, and boasted five toes to each foot instead of a hoof, that in the next epoch he was as big as a sheep, and had only four toes, and that he went on from age to age increasing in size, while the number of his toes diminished, until he attained his present size, and the toes on each foot were all consolidated into a hoof strong enough to sustain his weight. And I wonder if anybody standing amid that vast array of horses, and calling to mind the millions bred and now being bred in this country, can comprehend that there were no horses in the United States before 1527, when Cabeca da Vaca landed a few in Florida?

The popularity of the show with horse-owners and the public is due to the fact that both benefit by it. Annual horse shows will certainly stimulate breeders all over the country, and also raise the grade of horses, because the public, becoming acquainted through these shows with the points of a horse, will purchase with more and more discrimination. If the visitors to this show will follow the judges in decisions, they will come out much wiser than they entered. They can learn in a very short time that a horse with a full forehead is apt to be intelligent; with large nostrils, good winded; with a full, clear eye, gentle and even-tempered; that a horse "short above and long below," and with oblique shoulder-blades, can be relied on for speed; that a horse with an upright shoulder-blade is bad for the saddle, because there is no elasticity in his step, but good for heavy harness and draught. If a young fellow who looks like a greenhorn comes to a horse-dealer next week to purchase a horse, and insists that the length from the shoulder point to the back of the quarters shall be greater than the height at the withers, the dealer may know that the young fellow has been to the horse show.

The most novel feature to nearly all the visitors to the show is the exhibition of fire-engine horses. Being finely developed, intelligent, heavy draught-horses, they are beautiful to look at. Then the results of their training are interesting to watch. A loss of a second causing sometimes a loss of thousands of dollars, each captain whose engine is late at the fire has to give the cause of the delay in his report to the Fire Department. For this reason the companies have practiced hitching up until this can be effected in an extraordinarily short time. Exhibitions of hitching up are given three times a day at the show, viz., 10 A.M., 4 P.M., and 9 P.M. The stalls for the engine and horses are arranged like the ground-floor of the engine-houses. The harness is suspended on either side of the shaft by pulleys, the reins are clasped to a bit in the horse's mouth, the same current of electricity which sounds the gong unhitches the halters, the horses walk to the shaft, and the harness is dropped on to them—click! it is fastened, and away they gallop. Engine Company No. 24 has so far the best record, having hitched in a little over a second after the alarm began to sound, but it may be surpassed by some engine company at the show.

The most aristocratic horse in the show is undoubtedly Lindentree, the beautiful Arab of U. S. Grant, Jun. This magnificent stallion was presented to General Grant by the Sultan. He stands fifteen hands, is eight years old, and has a pedigree of several centuries. Coming of both noble sire and dam, he belongs to the highest breed, which the Arabs call El-Horr. The story runs that once Mohammed, to try the metal of his mares, had them locked up two days without water. When nearly mad with thirst they were let loose, and were rushing to the river, he ordered a charge sounded. Five mares obeyed the trumpet call, forgetting their thirst. The greatest Arabian horses are said to be descended from these mares. Like all fine Arabs, Lindentree has a remarkable width across the forehead, a finely cut muzzle, a sparkling eye, and a beautifully arched neck. It is noteworthy that the English and American thorough-breds owe their pre-eminence to Arabian blood, the best stock being descended from the famous Darley Arabian. It will be noticed that the thorough-breds at the show have a decidedly Arabian cast of feature, a finely set on neck, and ample quarters. Compare them with Lindentree, and the relationship is revealed in certain points, though the English and American thorough-bred has been greatly changed from the parent stock by climate and breeding, still retaining the Arab's staying powers, but surpassing him in speed. But if surpassed in speed, the Arab remains the gentleman among horses by reason of his grace, beauty, and gentleness, and his proneness to resent any offense. Lindentree is extremely gentle. He has a number of colts who promise to turn out fine trotters. Mr. Grant keeps him at the Merryweather Farm, near North Salem. General Beale's handsome Arab is also in the show.

I pass directly from Lindentree to the Percherons (see illustration), exhibited by Dahlman, because, curiously enough, the Percheron is said by some to come of Arab stock. But there is certainly no trace of the swift Arab in the strong, muscular, stalwart, heavy draught-horses among the Percherons at the show. If Arabian at all, they must be Arabian peasants. Yet the claim that they were descended from Arabs captured by Charles Martel when he defeated the Saracens is persistently made. Their color—gray—is urged in support of this theory. But Arabs may be black and chestnut as well as gray. The Percheron, usually from fifteen to sixteen hands high, forms a magnificent picture of power in repose as he stands in his stall. His ancestors gained those splendid muscles and open nostrils carrying heavily armored knights. He is now very mild and laborious. The Percheron, though a distinct breed coming from the old division of Perche, in the northwest of France, is often confounded with the Norman. But there is a difference. The Norman makes a capital farm-horse. The Percheron is his superior in speed, looks, brains, and endurance.

The Clydesdales, another order of heavy draught-horses, attract attention by their magnificent appearance. To some their legs may appear rather short, but they are deceptive, owing to the length of the horse, which usually takes long strides. It is said that Clydesdales can draw heavier loads in single-harness carts than any horse from any other class of heavy draught. But the most superb horses for heavy loads are the Clevelands, no matter what is said of the Clydesdales. Clevelands have been known to draw seven hundred pounds sixty miles in twenty-four hours, and nine hundred and ten pounds a distance of three miles. The Shetland-pony, which is the smallest variety of the British horse, is as strong in proportion as the heaviest dray-horse.

Trotting being essentially an American sport, a word should be said about the trotters. Those at the show, like the vast number of American trotters, can be traced back to two horses—imported Messenger and Justin Morgan. Hambletonian, the founder of the famous breed of that name, is a son of Messenger, and Messenger arrived here in 1788. This horse's value to the country can not be estimated by hundreds of millions of dollars. Justin Morgan's sire was ridden by General Delancey during the Revolution. It is noteworthy that none of the trotters bred from wild horses have come up to the descendants of Messenger and Morgan.

Showing all these classes and others of interest, giving the public a chance to see those horses which boast of speed in full motion on the track or over the course, stimulating breeders and educating the public, the horse show must be put down a great success—so great that it may be looked forward to as an annual event. Its promoters are to be heartily congratulated.

Gustav Kobbé.

TOM KILROY.

Romance is generally thought to dwell in exceptions and extremes, but every-day life has its full share of heroes, of tragic or of chivalrous story. Tom Kilroy's youth knew no exceptional circumstances. His father was a master-mason, steady and industrious; his mother loved him with that sober, wise affection which keeps strict guard over lessons and clothes; he was, in short, one of those numberless sons of respectable mechanics who keep the public schools busy in their youth, and are kept busy by the world all their life afterward.

Tom had been destined almost from his cradle to learn his father's trade. His elder brothers were carpenters and builders. Mason-work would dovetail naturally in with wood-work, and the brothers would thus be enabled to throw many a profitable job into each other's hands. There was no disposition in Tom to quarrel with this destiny; the limit of his ambition was to be a good tradesman, and marry the girl of his choice. He had not even settled on the girl yet, and the pleasing latitude and uncertainty he allowed himself in this matter was the one bit of romance that leavened Tom's life at nineteen.

Evidently here was a very common lad in very common circumstances, and yet there was even then in his possession a single advantage which might disarrange the steadiest and most uneventful of plans: Tom was exceedingly handsome—that is, he was going to be. Just at that age he was freckled and immature, managed his great frame awkwardly, and was shy in consequence.

But, after all, it was Tom's inches, and his bright, handsome face, crowned with short brown curly hair, that prevented him taking permanently to bricks and mortar. Old Kilroy had a job of work to do for the great importing firm of Scott & Donaldson, and one day while Tom was laying bricks and whistling with a great deal of spirit "The Garb of Old Gaul," Alexander Scott took a liking to him.

Men do take these impulsive likings just as readily as women do, and for the most part they consider themselves at liberty to indulge them. At any rate, Mr. Scott did. He had a talk with young Tom, and liked him better still, and then had a talk with Tom's father, which resulted in Tom's throwing down the trowel, and taking a desk in the outer counting-room of the great firm.

The Kilroys were modestly proud of the change. The elder boys going off to work with their tools and the younger ones with their books were still very fine fellows in the mother's eyes; but Tom in a stylish business suit, with kid gloves on his hands, and a cigar in his mouth, did them a loftier kind of credit. All of them felt this, and the carpenter remarked one morning, as they watched him down the avenue a block: "All right, mother. It is a poor family that can't have one gentleman—isn't it?"

No one doubted that it was "all right." Tom gradually became the oracle of his father's house. Why not? He spent his days among grave, wealthy men, among great interests and great trusts, and unavoidably he got the air and assumed the tone of the wealthy classes. In the course of two years he was cautiously promoted, but he was trusted even beyond his position. Mr. Scott's liking, though progressing at a careful rate, still kept steadily increasing. He had said often during these two years that "Tom Kilroy was a little uncommon," and Alexander Scott was always ready to maintain what he had once said.

In the method incidental to a New York business life time passes rapidly. Tom's life went on as the clock does for the next four years, but in them Time gave everything and took nothing from him. His splendid physical beauty had matured, and his business aptitudes had been thoroughly developed. Even John Donaldson, who had always smiled at his partner's fancy for the "young mason," at length admitted that "Kilroy was a fine fellow, and would do the firm credit."

It was just after this admission from Mr. Donaldson, and a hot, glowing day in early July, Tom, busy among sundry bales and boxes, heard Mr. Scott call him. When he answered the summons, he found the senior partner in a very anxious and perplexed mood.

"Mr. Kilroy," he said, hesitatingly, "I can not go home, as I intended, to-night, and it may even happen that I shall have to go to Liverpool by the next steamer. What I want now is that you should take my usual train, and carry Mrs. Scott this letter."

"Very well, sir; how soon shall I leave?"

"You have fifteen minutes to catch it."

So in fifteen minutes Tom was at the Erie depot. He obeyed the order as he would any other order from Mr. Scott, but it did not much please him. He had half an engagement with a very pretty girl for Thomas's Gardens that night, and he liked strawberries and roses with city accompaniments better than in their native simplicity.

He was in a severely gentlemanly temper when he stood on the platform of the little Jersey depot. There was the usual gathering of buggies and light wagons, and he looked round for Mr. Scott's: which that gentleman had described to him as "a nice little turn-out with a pretty team of grays."

The only vehicle answering to this description was driven by a lady—a very lovely lady indeed, who peered among the crowd with a wistful, anxious face. Tom took heart of grace, and with his very best bow and smile, made some inquiry or remark, the only intelligible words of which were, "Mr. Scott."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, blushing, and handling the reins rather unnecessarily, "I came to meet papa, and you say he is not coming. And you have a letter? Will you allow me to drive you to the house?"

Tom was obliged to allow himself to be driven. He knew nothing about horses, and he was exceedingly mortified at his ignorance. But even ignorance has compensations. His perfect idleness gave him leisure to watch his driver's pretty motions; to note all the changes of her face, and all the coaxing intonations with which she flattered and encouraged the "pretty team of grays." He had literally *fallen in love* without being at all aware of the plunge he had taken; for the sensation was so charming it was hardly likely he would pause to analyze the feeling.

Mrs. Scott was quite aware of Mr. Kilroy's antecedents and position, but women never weigh very handsome men in the same exact balances as they do ugly ones. There was a very charming tea, during which Tom got as far in Mrs. Scott's favor as he had got with Mr. Scott in four years. So far, indeed, that when she retired to the library to answer her husband's letter, she left Mr. Kilroy to be entertained by her daughter Alice.

Did she remember what a dangerous entertainment wandering through the scented shrubs in the twilight garden was? When Alice's fingers touched Tom's among the strawberry vines, did she calculate the result? Or had she no fear of the bewitching summer moon that saw these two sitting in sweetest silence beneath the drooping honeysuckles on the piazza?

Perhaps her letter had given her other material for anxiety. She did not seem to think of Tom and Alice, and Tom was glad of it. He wished this night could last forever. He went back to town in a kind of intoxication. Alice gave him a jasmine spray at parting; and this young Romeo of the counting-house was just as foolish about a flower as any lover, either before or since the flood, has ever been.

He had no plan about Alice, but his stars planned for him. Mr. Scott went to Liverpool by the next steamer, and for six weeks, on every Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kilroy went out to Mrs. Scott's with a certain sum of money from the firm, and often certain commissions in books and dry-goods with which the firm had no particular concern. In these six weeks love grew, both on Tom's and Alice's part, to perfect stature.

But this delicious dream of youth had here a rapid awakening. In six weeks Mr. Scott returned, and then the pleasant necessity for Tom's weekly visits ceased. Mr. Scott never alluded to them, and it rather nettled the handsome lover that his prospective mother-in-law seemed to have completely forgotten them. There was, however, some consolation in Alice's letters, and in her assurances of unalterable affection, and for a short time these satisfied him.

But at length, after a somewhat injured reflection on the matter, he resolved to speak to Mr. Scott. Youth, in its strength and beauty and boundless hope, is so apt to consider all things as its own that some excuse may be made for the slight tone of self-assertion in which Tom ventured one evening on his confession.

Mr. Scott heard it with perfect gravity and politeness. "You have, of course, done my daughter the greatest honor any man is capable of, Mr. Kilroy," he said, suavely, as he turned the paper-cutter over and over on his desk. "May I ask if you still reside with your parents?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Tom, feeling a momentary flush of shame as he thought of the plain little two-story brick house in a down-town street.

"And where or how do you propose to live when you are married?"

Tom frankly confessed that he had not thought of that subject; but he evidently had the usual faith in love and cottages.

Mr. Scott rose with the air of a man finishing a discussion. "Mr. Kilroy, I am obliged to you for your honesty. I will be equally plain with you. Business affairs have not gone well with me lately. I have been thinking all day of retrenchment; you and Frank Maybin will either have to leave your desks or retain them at very much reduced salaries. I am sure you love Alice too well to subject her to poverty. It is true, I have always intended to give her a fortune, but then no man of honor would ask her hand, under such circumstances, unless he was able to count at least dollar for dollar with her. Your business talents are exceptionally good: I expect to see you worth a million, but when you are worth fifty thousand of it I will cheerfully consider your proposal."

He said a polite "Good-night" as he left the office, a courtesy which Tom found himself quite unable to return. If the man had been angry and uttered all kinds of hard words, Tom could have borne it better. He had a salary of one hundred dollars a month; if he was to wait for Alice until he was worth fifty thousand, the probabilities were hardly worth counting. Besides, there was that covert threat of dismissal. That would never do: he must resign his desk voluntarily. He saw very well that Mr. Scott would never like him again, and Tom's open, candid nature instinctively dreaded a dislike which would veil itself under polite forms and "disagreeable necessities."

He was so excited that he could not endure the tedium of the street cars; he got out of them, and walked rapidly up Broadway until he struck Eighth Street. He generally crossed to the east side of the city by this route, and he took it naturally, but at the Cooper Institute reading-room he paused a moment. He had not yet thought of what he should say to his father and brothers. He went upstairs and drew a paper toward him; he had no idea of reading, but he wished to think without attracting observation.

Vacantly at first his eyes wandered over it, but at length he began to read with a curious avidity. He followed a certain column to its close, read it again and again, and then looked at the heading of the paper. It was the *Rocky Mountain News*. In those few minutes Tom had been inoculated with the gold fever, and he was sure that he now saw a clear and sure road to Alice. True, it might be a rough one, but all the same he was quite determined to take it. He was only impatient now of delay, and he entered the little homely sitting-room as elated and positive as if the Rocky Mountains were somewhere on the line of street cars, and *his mine* as perfectly localized as the United States Mint.

"I am going to the Rocky Mountains, father," he said, with that impetuosity which often characterizes enterprises about whose wisdom we are doubtful.

"You have been in some very queer place already to-night, Tom, to make you talk in such a daft-like manner."

His brothers looked curiously into Tom's face, while the women-folks present paused in the midst of their chatter and work for the same purpose. The men evidently thought Tom had been drinking; the women divined at once his absolute sincerity. The pause was followed by a long and angry discussion, in which there was no lack of hard words, but the end had been determined in Tom's mind before it began, and in a week's time he found himself crossing the dreary plains which guard the approaches to the treasure-houses of the mountains.

But alas! Tom soon found that the keys to these treasure-houses were cunningly hidden from him. His industry and business tact were of no avail here. Labor led to nothing, and simple luck seemed to laugh science and probabilities to scorn. Yet though he had no luck, it was curious to see how the mine madness ruled him. He knew men who had searched for ten and even twenty years, and then found in a moment millions of treasure. He knew a man who had wandered over Nevada, and sifted the Black Hills for nothing, and then just stumbled over a Rocky Mountain silver mine that had made him a modern Crœsus. Such tales were in every camp, and in hunger, cold, and wretchedness of every kind they kept Tom's courage high.

Yes, though he was locked up in those dreary fastnesses, and heard only at long intervals of the world outside them. In fact, the outside world after the first two years had little interest for him. He had not written home at first, partly because "his head was under water," and partly because it was really a difficult matter to post a letter, and still more difficult to get at the reply; and then gradually his whole being became absorbed in one idea. The mountains held him in their spell, and he knew that nothing but the discovery of some rich lode would break it.

One night, after four years of this strange life, he met a little party in the Platte Cañon who had lost their way, and were in the greatest extremities. Tom guided them back to safety, and made a warm friend of their leader—so warm that the man offered him a share in a large smelting and assaying work which he was going to establish near the Silverton Mines. Tom happened to be unusually hard up, with a long winter before him, and he accepted the offer. Of course he told himself that just as soon as the snows melted he should begin his "prospecting" again; but he never did.

In the stir, bustle, and method incident to the conduct of a great work, his old business habits re-asserted their power. He found himself making money so rapidly that he resolved to go on making and saving until he could *buy a mine*, for to be the possessor of a veritable gold or silver mine still charmed and ruled his imagination.

Thus the years went by. Few people would have recognized in the stalwart, bronzed, bearded man, clothed in leather and flannel, the once stylishly dressed and scrupulously shaved and gloved member of the great firm of Scott & Donaldson, Water Street, New York. For full ten years had passed away, and though Tom was only thirty-three, he looked and felt a great deal older.

Sometimes now, also, when he counted up his balance in Golden City Bank, he began to think of his old life, and to have sudden yearnings which made him turn his face lovingly eastward. But the gyves of great trusts were upon his hands, and the spell of money-making on his heart; he stirred, indeed, occasionally under the nightmare, but his memories were not powerful enough to thoroughly arouse him.

It happened that in his tenth summer his partner went East to bring home a daughter whom he had left there at school, and his return was quite an event to Tom. This man had walked Broadway within a week, and had brought back with him the flavor and the very language of the place. Tom had not guessed how dear his native city was to him until one familiar name after another unlocked all the wards of memory, and a passionate longing for the old scenes and haunts, the old loves and friendships, seized him.

"John Amboy," he said, "I must take a run East for a few weeks. There is very little quartz in the mill, and the books are up to date. I've got the home fever, John, bad. I think I'll start to-morrow."

So in a few days Tom Kilroy stood at the foot of Chambers Street, wondering if he should go home without warning; wondering, indeed, whether he had any home. Yes, there it stood, just as he had left it, the little red brick house with its bright green blinds outside. But inside there had been changes. His father was dead, his elder brothers married, and the little sister he had left in short dresses just going to be. But love is always the same, and these simple souls made a great festival over their returned wanderer, without once asking whether he had saved a respectable sum, or come home with empty pockets.

Sitting alone with his mother that night, he at length ventured on an inquiry very near his heart.

"Where is Alice Scott now, mother?"

"I don't know, Tom. Things have changed for her."

"She is married, then?"

"That is past my telling. I have heard nothing at all about her for eight years—never since her father failed. They went somewhere up the river to live. I saw her mother's death in the papers soon after."

It was a great tragedy in a few words—failure, poverty, death, and isolation. Tom's reveries were not devoid of remorse that night, but the next day he started out early to do what his heart told him ought to have been done years ago.

It was not hard to find Mr. Scott's retreat, and he came upon it just at noon. Mr. Scot was leaning over the little wooden gate, looking listlessly down the long dusty lane, and he readily entered into conversation. Tom was smitten with pity at the change in his old patron. He had sunk to very small interests, and talked now of his little patch of corn, his couple of cows, and his eggs and chickens as he had once talked of richly laden barks, and bills of lading, and checks, and balances. Then Tom led him on to speak of his old business, and he was glad to see that the merchant instantly asserted himself. "He must be taken out of this," thought Tom, and he asked himself to dinner.

He entered the house with a beating heart. Would Alice be there? Would she know him? Mr. Scott had not suspected who he was, but Alice ought to have keener eyes. She was laying a very humble table for two as they entered, and after a glance and a movement of courtesy she went calmly on with her household duties.

Tom had a good opportunity for observing how much changed she was, but it was a change that soothed and pleased him. Her figure, her movements, her sweet quiet face, her neat dress—nothing escaped him; and she was fairer in his eyes than she had been even in that enchanted hour when she had first driven him from the little Jersey depot.

They sat opposite to each other at table, and when he answered her first inquiry, she looked eagerly at him, but Tom suddenly lowered his eyes. In a moment, however, the truth flashed across her heart, and in a scarcely articulate voice she cried out, "*Oh, Tom! oh, my dear Tom!*"

Then Tom was by her side, kissing her cheeks and lips and hands, and whispering, nobody knew what, between his kisses. Mr. Scott had risen at once, and was supporting himself on the back of his chair, hardly able to understand the good fortune that had come to him, until Tom said:

"You promised me Alice, sir, when I had made fifty thousand dollars. I am worth nearly nine hundred thousand to-day; will that do?"

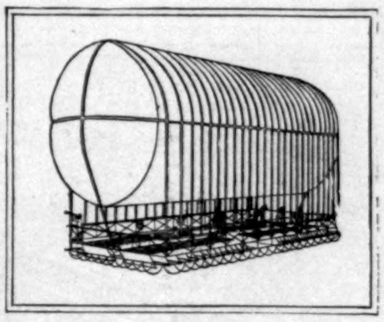
"Good gracious, Mr. Kilroy!" and the old man sank into his chair, and covered his eyes with his browned hands.

There was only a beefsteak and some potatoes and a cup of coffee at that betrothal feast, but it was a wonderful one, and after it there was a business talk in the garden, which made a new man of Mr. Scott. For Tom was bent on refounding the old firm under the name of "Scott & Kilroy," and though there was necessarily some delay, a million of money can work miracles, and before many months were over the senior partner of the new firm was exercising again all his old authority and business acumen.

For Tom remembers his father-in-law's claims, and has forgotten no word of that kindness which altered his whole destiny when a mason lad, and which for many years encouraged and rewarded his youthful efforts.

Tom's youngest brother occupies Tom's old position in the house now; but it is not likely that he will follow Tom's footsteps westward; for whenever Tom hears him talking of his big brother's "good luck" in the mines, he always says:

"Easy—easy, Harry; Good luck needs good looking after; and gold is easier *made* than *found*."



RITCHEL'S AIR SHIP.

A NEW AEROSTAT.

It was Scaliger, to the best of our recollection, who thanked God that He had put it into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries. The practical utility of people who believe that they have solved the problem of aerial navigation is not as yet quite so clear as that of lexicographers, although when we go to Chicago by balloon, or, more properly, when we are able to get away from Chicago by balloon, we shall no doubt be invoking the blessing of Scaliger upon the series of experimenters who have made that result possible.

The cause of aeronautics has not advanced in proportion to the labor expended on it. The other day it was cabled as a surprising feat that an aeronaut had crossed the British Channel in a balloon, whereas that same feat was performed almost a century ago, in January, 1785, namely, by Blanchard and Jeffries, less than two years after the first ascension in a balloon had been made (October, 1783), by a person who was afterward killed in an attempt to cross the Channel, and not much more after the Montgolfiers had discovered that a light bag with the open end down would rise if a fire were built under it. The first crossing was in "the infancy of aeronautics," and we are in the infancy of aeronautics still. Although the intervening century has been the most fruitful in mechanical successes of any the world has seen, no real progress has been made. The vision in which the laureate

> Saw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,"

remains hitherto all in the laureate's eye. Nevertheless the problem has been so successfully solved by birds, with a cubical capacity of brain pan infinitesimal compared with that of man, that it is no wonder it should continue to provoke the ingenuity of inventive and unfeathered bipeds.

Mr. C. F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is the latest of the inventors into whose hearts it has been put to solve the problem, although his efforts appear to be rather toward aerostatics than toward aeronautics—to enable a man to hover rather than to fly. However, the successful solution of the problem of aerostation would take us a long way toward flight. The great need of the aerostat has been a tissue light and not transpirable, which will retain his gas in an efficacious state without destroying the buoyancy of the balloon in a few hours by leakage. Mr. Ritchel uses for his balloon, which is a cylindrical reservoir of gas, Scotch gingham coated with rubber and sulphur. For this composition he claims the advantage that it will not rot the balloon as the ordinary coating of boiled linseed-oil does by generating an acid that eats the vegetable fibres. The composition in this case is pressed into the fibre with heated rollers, and then vulcanized.

The balloon—that is to say, the cylinder—is 85 feet long by 35 in diameter, and has thus a capacity of 81,000 feet of gas. Pure hydrogen gas having a lifting capacity of seventy pounds to the thousand feet, this cylinder is expected to carry a load of 5670 pounds. The weight of the cylinder itself is 1200 pounds, of the frame and machinery 1500, of the ballast (water) 600, and fifteen men, crew and passengers, are estimated for at the low average of 120 pounds each, making the total weight 5100 pounds. The fans, four in number, are three feet in diameter, with their blades set at an angle of thirty degrees from a horizontal plane.

There are no valves in the cylinder. Reliance is placed for lowering the balloon upon the fans, which are to be worked by two men at each wheel, and, for raising it, upon a series of shutters under the car, worked by a lever within the car, so as to open out like a parachute, or rather like a brake, so as to slacken motion in either direction by increasing the area of resistance. The inventor believes that the material employed in the balloon will enable him to retain his supply of gas much longer than has hitherto been possible. The ballast is meant only to compensate for the loss of gas by decomposition or leakage, the latter being reduced to a minimum.

It must be owned that this looks a good deal like an undertaking that a man shall not merely lift himself, but soar, by tugging at his waistband; but Mr. Ritchel avers that by applying the principle used in the construction of his air ship a man weighing ninety-six pounds raised fourteen pounds of shot to the ceiling of a room every half-hour, working a fan of fourteen inches diameter, making 2000 revolutions a minute. But the fan is intended to be used to lower the machine only, the lifting power of the gas being virtually a constant quantity. This is a step beyond Archimedes, who required a place to stand as a condition precedent to moving the world.

FLY-CASTERS' TOURNAMENT.

At the Harlem Mere, that bit of water at the upper extremity of Central Park, the fisherman's contest of the Rod and Reel Association was held on the 16th and 17th of this month. There can be no prettier locality than this smooth sheet of water. The difficulties of entangling lines from branches of trees or the want of standing ground for casting may not exist on the Harlem Mere in the same degree as under natural circumstances, but for all practical purposes the place chosen is an excellent one. With few exceptions, all the most celebrated of American anglers were present, and conspicuous was Mr. Reuben Wood, the gentleman chosen by the United States Fish Commission to represent American skill with the rod and line at the present International Fishery Exhibition in London. The following were the contests, for which handsome prizes were awarded, the provisions in certain cases limiting the weight of rods and their lengths, with no permits of entry to those who fished for a living, who were guides, or engaged in the manufacture or sale of fishing implements. Class A was for amateurs, without limitation as to weight of rods, and was handsomely won by Mr. H. C. Thorne, with an eight-and-a-half-ounce rod, who made a cast of 80 feet, with a high average of points for delicacy and accuracy.

In the amateur class B, with rods not to weigh more than nine ounces, Mr. W. E. Hendrix was first, with a cast of 78 feet. In the C class of amateurs, which allowed all lengths of rods, indifferent as to weight, Thomas Pritchard won, with a cast of 80 feet 3 inches. Class D was one which excited most attention on the first day, as it was to be contested for by known experts, rods not to exceed eleven feet nor to weigh more than five ounces. The winner was Mr. H. W. Hawes, who made a famous throw last year, but who beat his record this season by three feet, the total measurement of his skill in throwing the delicate line being 85 feet. This day, the 16th, was exclusively devoted to such graceful fly-casting as is appropriate to trout fishing. On the 17th, which was a very serene day, expectations were at their highest pitch, as all the circumstances were best adapted to such line-throwing as is employed for salmon and bass fishing. The first contest was for amateurs who had fished for salmon, subject to the rules governing the amateur entries, rods not to exceed eighteen feet in length, both hands to be used if desired, with only one fly. The same points, twenty-five each, as in the light fly-casting, being allowed as a maximum for delicacy and accuracy.

The contest between Ira Wood and E. Eggert was a fine one, and was won by Wood, his cast measuring 134 feet, delicacy being 20, and accuracy 16. For the class 11, under the same rules as the first, distance only being counted, there were eight entries. This was won by Mr. Reuben L. Pritchard, his cast being 124 feet, and Mr. H. W. Hawes's throw being 115 feet. Last year Mr. Hawes won with 116 feet. As this gentleman was ill, this may account for a lesser cast this season. For the bass casting there was a very numerous attendance. The difficulty in this match is to throw the line out straight, in a lane of water the width of which is marked by buoy lines. Each contestant was allowed five casts, only those within the lane to be counted. There were three entries in this match—Messrs. J. A. Roosevelt, E. Vom Hofe, and William Murray. It was easily won by Mr. Roosevelt, whose sinker flew out with his best cast a distance of 165 feet, all his throws being more than 155 feet. For light bass casting, the rods being the same, but the sinkers to weigh one and a half ounces, there were five entries, Mr. H. W. Hawes coming first, with a total of 504 points, winning, however, only by two points, Mr. W. Murray scoring 502. Mr. Hawes's average was the best, though his adversary made one cast of 115 feet; the differences between the two in the total casts being, for Mr. Hawes 100.4.5, and for Mr. Murray 100.2.5. For the final contest, single-handed fly-casting, rods not to exceed eleven feet six inches, distances only to count, Mr. R. C. Leonard was first, with a throw of 87 feet, two feet more than the next best, Mr. H. W. Hawes. The progress made in fly-casting is not only as to distance, but accuracy, and is due not alone to increased skill, but to the excellence of American rods and reels.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

The largest auditorium in the world is that which was occupied by the paying public for the first time on Monday night. The fact of its unusual size, with the usual lines of a theatre, which are graceful if they meet their practical purposes, would alone make the interior of the Opera-house impressive. But the new house would be impressive, even if it were on a much smaller scale, by the decorative treatment of the interior. The five tiers—three of boxes and two of galleries—"swing round the circle" in a very graceful curve, and the light and bright decoration of the fronts—all in ivory white and gold—and the gold-tinted upholstery of the boxes give the place a very festal aspect, even without the presence of the resplendent evening toilets, which is the picture of which the interior architecture is but the setting.

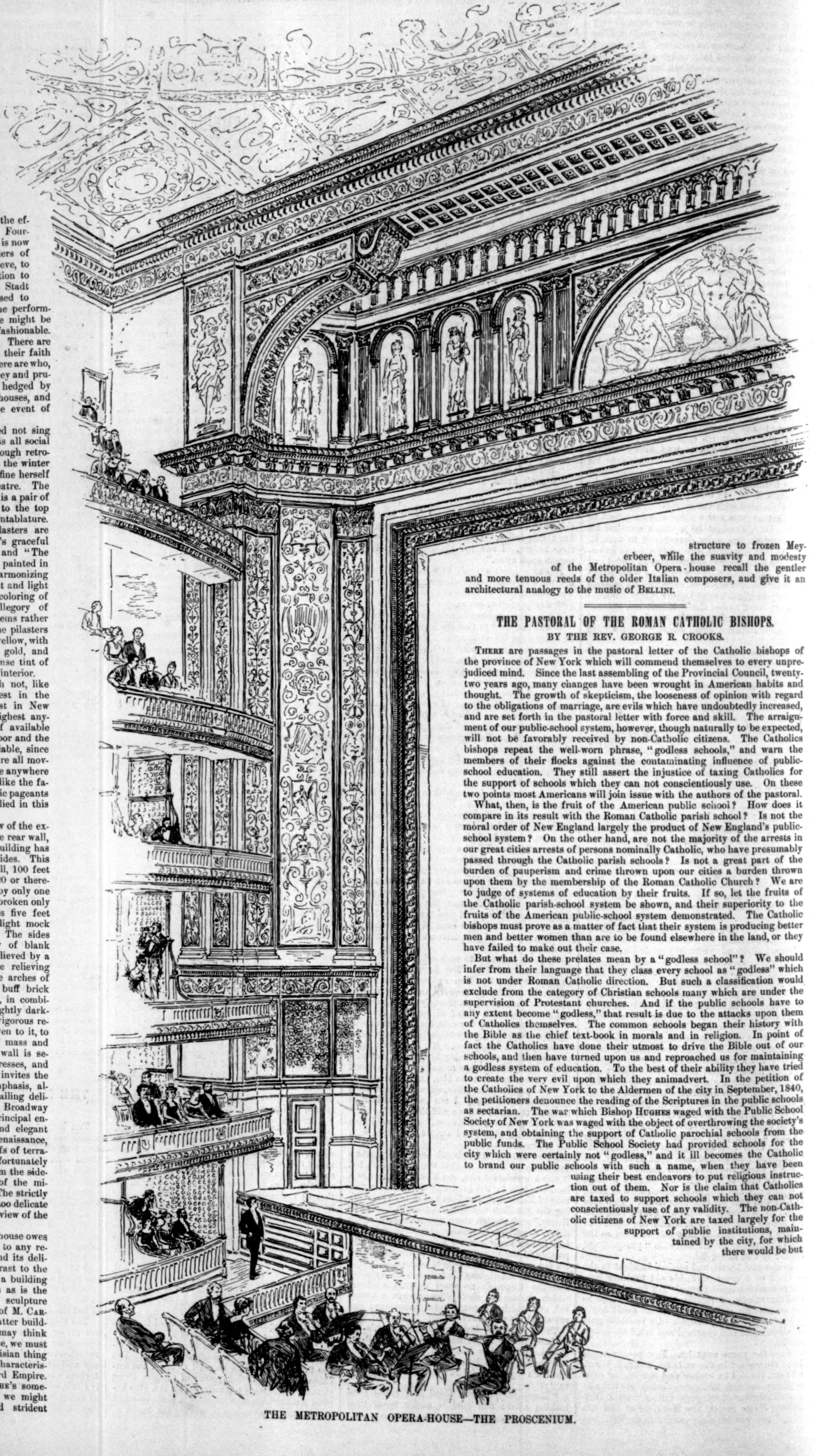
The stage-picture is to most habitual opera-goers rather a subordinate matter. The habitual opera-goer goes not to see the opera, but to see the other habitual opera-goer, and looks with pity, not untinctured with contempt, upon the countryman who abides in the parquette or the family circle, according to his means, and goes to listen to the music and to look at the stage. Some have inferred from the fact that seventy subscriptions, at $20,000 each, were obtained with no trouble to build the new Opera-house, that opera has a strong hold upon the affections of millionaires. But that is a most rash conclusion. The millionaire does not, in most cases, want opera; he wants an opera-box. The seventy proprietary boxes in the new Opera-house are so many large-paper copies of an edition strictly limited to seventy. They are tokens not merely of revenge upon, but of triumph over, the effete stockholders at the Fourteenth Street house, which is now doomed, as the stockholders of the new house firmly believe, to hold much the same relation to the new that the humble Stadt Theatre in the Bowery used to hold to the Academy. The performance at the humbler place might be as good as at the more fashionable. But it was not The Opera. There are those, however, who retain their faith in the old house. Others there are who, being at once flush of money and prudent of disposition, have hedged by securing boxes in both houses, and with tranquillity await the event of operatic war.

The Muse, however, need not sing of this in advance. Unless all social signs fail, she will have enough retrospective work to do before the winter is over, and had better confine herself to the facts of the new theatre. The frame of the stage-picture is a pair of pilasters running through to the top gallery, and sustaining an entablature. The spaces above the pilasters are occupied by Mr. Maynard's graceful figures of "The Ballet" and "The Chorus," one on each side, painted in high key of color, and harmonizing very prettily with the bright and light decoration, for which the coloring of Mr. Lathrop's central-allegory of "Apollo and the Muses" seems rather too stark and sombre. The pilasters themselves are of a bright yellow, with profuse ornamentation of gold, and this is simply a more intense tint of the prevailing color of the interior.

The stage itself, though not, like the auditorium, the largest in the world, is much the largest in New York, and perhaps the highest anywhere, having 150 feet of available space between the cellar floor and the roof, and all of this available, since the supports of the stage are all movable, and a trap can be made anywhere on short notice. Nothing like the facilities of this stage for scenic pageants has ever before been supplied in this country to an opera-house.

The most impressive view of the exterior is perhaps that of the rear wall, on Seventh Avenue—the building has a street on each of its four sides. This is a vast blank gabled wall, 100 feet or more in breadth, by 120 or thereabouts in height, pierced by only one very tall door for scenery, broken only by two massive buttresses five feet deep, and relieved by a light mock arcade below the gable. The sides necessarily consist chiefly of blank wall, with its monotony relieved by a simple treatment of large relieving arches concentric with the arches of the openings. The light buff brick which is used throughout, in combination with terra-cotta slightly darker in tint, needs a more vigorous relief than has here been given to it, to produce the impression of mass and weight which in the rear wall is secured by the heavy buttresses, and the architecture generally invites the criticism that it lacks emphasis, although the detail is of unfailing delicacy. The centre of the Broadway front, which contains the principal entrances, is an elaborate and elegant composition in Italian Renaissance, with some very pretty reliefs of terra-cotta in panels, which unfortunately can not be appreciated from the sidewalk opposite by reason of the minuteness of their detail. The strictly architectural detail is also too delicate to be effective in a general view of the front.

The Metropolitan Opera-house owes nothing in its architecture to any recent European example, and its delicacy is in as striking contrast to the loud self-assertion of such a building as the New Opera in Paris as is the pastoral simplicity of the sculpture here to the riotous group of M. Carpeaux in the front of the latter building. Whatever else we may think about the Paris Opera-house, we must admit it to be the most Parisian thing in modern Paris, the most characteristic monument of the Third Empire. If we were to adopt Goethe's somewhat fanciful comparison, we might liken that bristling and strident structure to frozen Meyerbeer, while the suavity and modesty of the Metropolitan Opera-house recall the gentler and more tenuous reeds of the older Italian composers, and give it an architectural analogy to the music of Bellini.



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE—THE PROSCENIUM.

THE PASTORAL OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

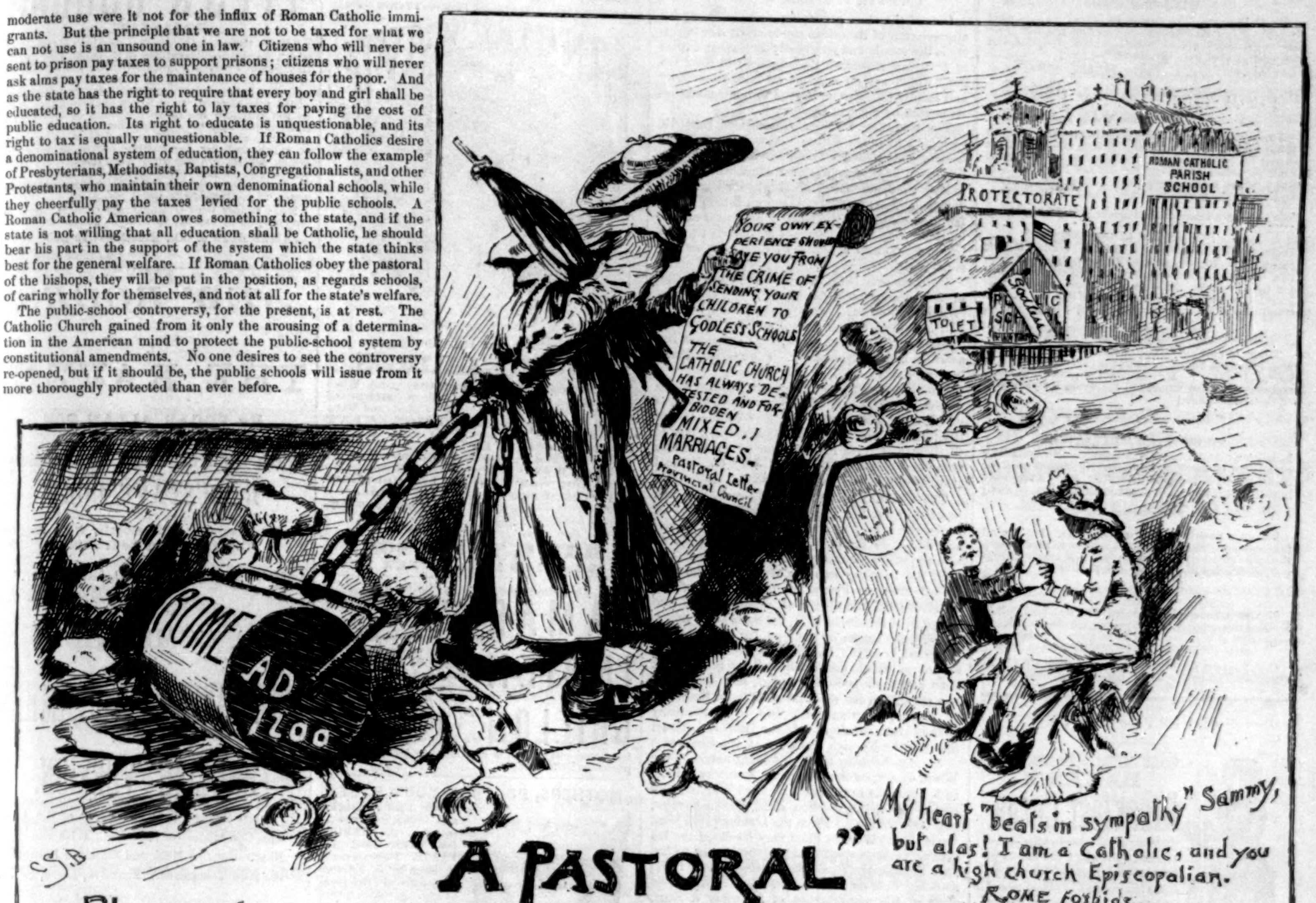
BY THE REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS.

There are passages in the pastoral letter of the Catholic bishops of the province of New York which will commend themselves to every unprejudiced mind. Since the last assembling of the Provincial Council, twenty-two years ago, many changes have been wrought in American habits and thought. The growth of skepticism, the looseness of opinion with regard to the obligations of marriage, are evils which have undoubtedly increased, and are set forth in the pastoral letter with force and skill. The arraignment of our public-school system, however, though naturally to be expected, will not be favorably received by non-Catholic citizens. The Catholics bishops repeat the well-worn phrase, "godless schools," and warn the members of their flocks against the contaminating influence of public-school education. They still assert the injustice of taxing Catholics for the support of schools which they can not conscientiously use. On these two points most Americans will join issue with the authors of the pastoral.

What, then, is the fruit of the American public school? How does it compare in its result with the Roman Catholic parish school? Is not the moral order of New England largely the product of New England's public-school system? On the other hand, are not the majority of the arrests in our great cities arrests of persons nominally Catholic, who have presumably passed through the Catholic parish schools? Is not a great part of the burden of pauperism and crime thrown upon our cities a burden thrown upon them by the membership of the Roman Catholic Church? We are to judge of systems of education by their fruits. If so, let the fruits of the Catholic parish-school system be shown, and their superiority to the fruits of the American public-school system demonstrated. The Catholic bishops must prove as a matter of fact that their system is producing better men and better women than are to be found elsewhere in the land, or they have failed to make out their case.

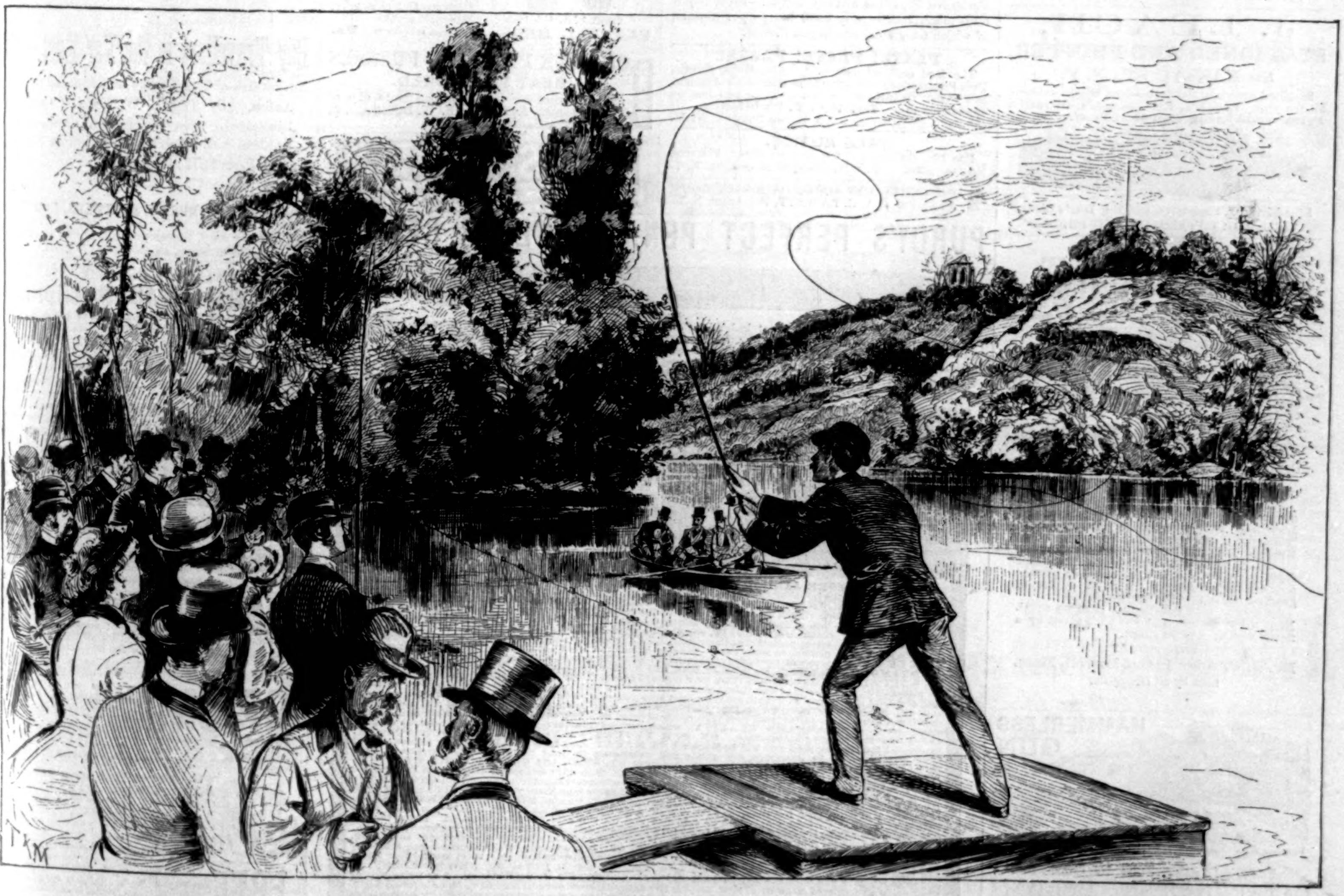
But what do these prelates mean by a "godless school"? We should infer from their language that they class every school as "godless" which is not under Roman Catholic direction. But such a classification would exclude from the category of Christian schools many which are under the supervision of Protestant churches. And if the public schools have to any extent become "godless," that result is due to the attacks upon them of Catholics themselves. The common schools began their history with the Bible as the chief text-book in morals and in religion. In point of fact the Catholics have done their utmost to drive the Bible out of our schools, and then have turned upon us and reproached us for maintaining a godless system of education. To the best of their ability they have tried to create the very evil upon which they animadvert. In the petition of the Catholics of New York to the Aldermen of the city in September, 1840, the petitioners denounce the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools as sectarian. The war which Bishop Hughes waged with the Public School Society of New York was waged with the object of overthrowing the society's system, and obtaining the support of Catholic parochial schools from the public funds. The Public School Society had provided schools for the city which were certainly not "godless," and it ill becomes the Catholic to brand our public schools with such a name, when they have been using their best endeavors to put religious instruction out of them. Nor is the claim that Catholics are taxed to support schools which they can not conscientiously use of any validity. The non-Catholic citizens of New York are taxed largely for the support of public institutions, maintained by the city, for which there would be but moderate use were it not for the influx of Roman Catholic immigrants. But the principle that we are not to be taxed for what we can not use is an unsound one in law. Citizens who will never be sent to prison pay taxes to support prisons; citizens who will never ask alms pay taxes for the maintenance of houses for the poor. And as the state has the right to require that every boy and girl shall be educated, so it has the right to lay taxes for paying the cost of public education. Its right to educate is unquestionable, and its right to tax is equally unquestionable. If Roman Catholics desire a denominational system of education, they can follow the example of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and other Protestants, who maintain their own denominational schools, while they cheerfully pay the taxes levied for the public schools. A Roman Catholic American owes something to the state, and if the state is not willing that all education shall be Catholic, he should bear his part in the support of the system which the state thinks best for the general welfare. If Roman Catholics obey the pastoral of the bishops, they will be put in the position, as regards schools, of caring wholly for themselves, and not at all for the state's welfare.

The public-school controversy, for the present, is at rest. The Catholic Church gained from it only the arousing of a determination in the American mind to protect the public-school system by constitutional amendments. No one desires to see the controversy re-opened, but if it should be, the public schools will issue from it more thoroughly protected than ever before.


YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE SHOULD SAVE YOU FROM THE CRIME OF SENDING YOUR CHILDREN TO GODLESS SCHOOLS
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS ALWAYS DETESTED AND FORBIDDEN MIXED.! MARRIAGES.
Pastoral Letter Provincial Council
PROTECTORATE
ROMAN CATHOLIC PARISH SCHOOL
TO LET
PUBLIC SCHOOL
Godless
ROME
AD 1200
My heart "beats in sympathy" Sammy, but alas! I am a Catholic, and you are a high church Episcopalian. ROME forbids.
C.J.B.

"A PASTORAL"

Plants that must not be fostered in the LAND of LIBERTY. (?)



THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.—Drawn by Taylor and Meeker.—[See Page 683.]

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Dr. C. Roberts, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."—[*Adv.*]

FROM THE REV. I. P. FEIGL.

New York, Sept. 11, 1881.

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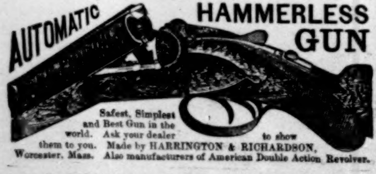

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AMERICAN ART INDUSTRY IN EUROPE.

(*From N. Y. Tribune of Oct. 6.*)

One of the most gratifying signs of European appreciation of American products of Art Industry is the steady and constantly increasing export of first-class American Pianofortes and Reed Organs, which are, on account of their superiority and lasting qualities, preferred to home-made instruments by musical Europeans.

The Hamburg Steamer *Bohemia*, on Sept. 15, took out a Steinway & Sons' Concert Grand Piano, bearing the number 50,000, purchased by Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild of Vienna, who, having in May, 1882, purchased a Steinway Parlor Grand, now acquires the fifty-thousandth Piano manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons (and said to be their grandest production in the shape of a Grand Piano ever achieved by them) for his Music *Salon*.

Until the year 1862, little was known in Europe of American Pianos, but quite a sensation was created in musical circles when, at the World's Fair at London in that year, the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, New York, were exhibited and awarded a first prize medal. (The Grand Piano bearing the No. 4607.)

The crowning triumph, however, Messrs. Steinway & Sons achieved at the Universal Exposition of Paris, in 1867, when the *first* of the Grand Gold Medals for American Pianos was awarded to them, and their new System of construction unanimously endorsed by the Jury on Musical Instruments in their official report.

The Grand Piano exhibited, No. 13,227, was purchased by the Baronesse de Rothschild of Paris, for her Chateau Ferrières, Messrs. Lionel and James de Rothschild of London, afterwards also acquiring Steinway Pianos.

Of the reigning families of Europe who purchased Steinway Pianos for their own use, may be mentioned the Queen of Spain, in 1868, the Empress of Russia, in 1871, the Sultan of Turkey, in 1875, the Queen of England, for her Castle in Balmoral, in 1879. Grand Piano No. 25,000 (the advent of which was celebrated by Steinway & Sons and their 1000 Employees, May 4th, 1872) was purchased for the Czarowitz (now Emperor) of Russia, together with two more Steinway Grands for members of the Imperial Court through the Russian Embassy at Washington.

Among the many most prominent names in the World of Art, owning and using Steinway Pianos, such names as Franz Liszt, Richard Wagner, Professor Helmholtz, Adelina Patti, Etelka Gerster, may be mentioned. From the London (1862) and Paris (1867) World's Fairs may be dated the beginning of the export of American Pianos to Europe, the official statistics last published (for 1881) showing that no less than 70 per cent. thereof were of the manufacture of Steinway & Sons, New York.

To those who delight in figures, it may be of interest to know that Messrs. Steinway & Sons commenced business in New York in March, 1853. Among their Pianos at the Centennial, 1876, taking the highest award for "*Highest degree of excellence in all styles,*" the Concert Grand was numbered 33,710, and at their factory the Piano No. 52,000 is already begun. Steinway & Sons manufacture fully 3000 Pianos per annum, of which over 1000 are Grand Pianos.

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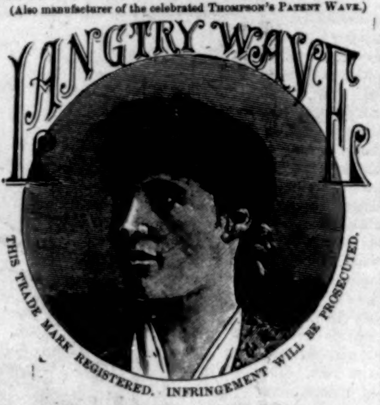
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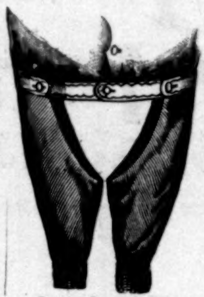

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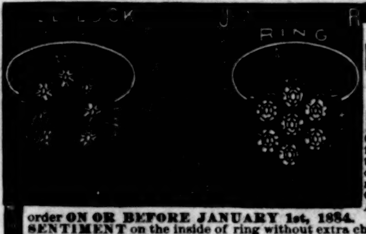

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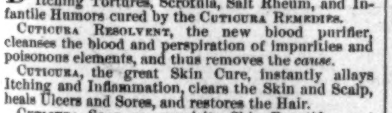
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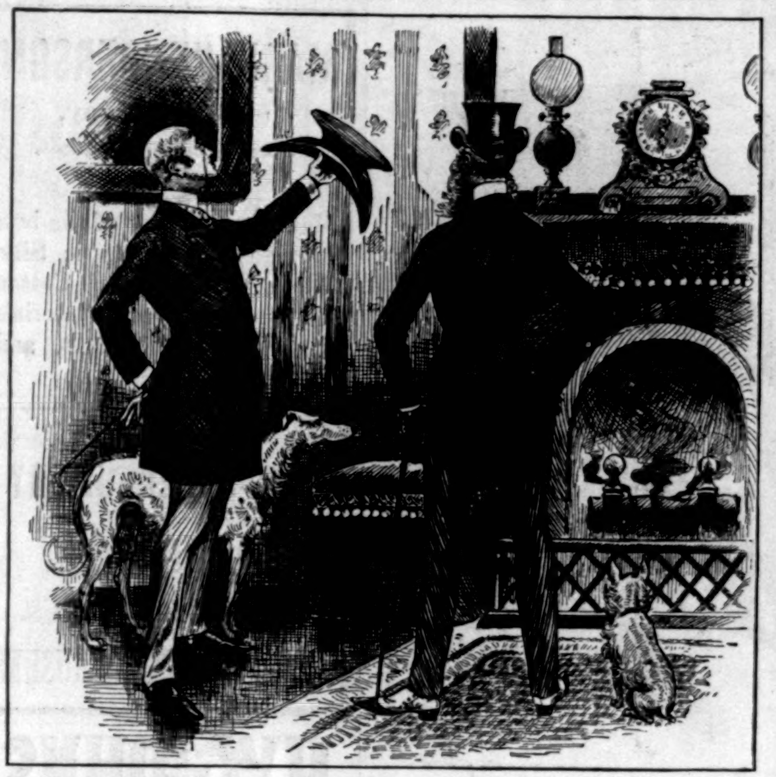

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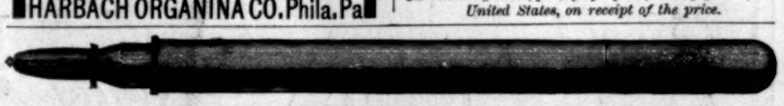

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